THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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ORIGINAL POETRY.

LINES.

The bleak winds of winter comes sweeping around,
The rivers are bound in his chains;
The naked boughs rock to the tempest's hoarse sound,
And heavy drops freeze as it rains.

Then let us draw near to our home-cheerful blaze,
And reflect while thus warm and secure,
That thousands are wretched whole nights and whole days,
With the hunger and cold they endure.

Then come, let us praise that dear Being above,
Who grants us those blessings we share;
For all we enjoy are the fruits of his love,
And his mercy beams every where.

Tho' the needy, afflicted move under his eye,
He still is their father and guide,
And for those who will firm on his mercy rely,
He will blessings hereafter provide.

ELLEN.

TO MARY.

Mary, I saw thee on the day
That ushered in this year;
Thy smiles so cheerful and so gay,
Dispell'd our doubts far, far away,
And left us nought to fear.

Mary, I saw thee yester-morn,
Thy smiles had fled afar;
Disease had touched thy tender form,
And thou hadst borne the pelting storm,
And wag'd 'gainst death a war.

I need not say my prayers are thine,
For that thou know'st full well;
But hope that thou may'st shortly find
Returning health, and peace of mind—
And now, *sweet friend, farewell.*

Philadelphia, Jan. 8, 1827. R——:

TO MY QUILL.

Companion of each lonely hour,
Through every change, I love thee still;
'Tis thine to soothe affliction's power,
My slender quill.

Whene'er my heart's with grief oppress'd
'Tis then thy jetty tears distil;
Thou calm'st the tumults of my breast,
My dearest quill.

Thou slender, dear, bewitching thing,
Tho' thou no charms to others show,
Yet I the pleasures thou dost bring,
Can ne'er forego.

There's not a friend I yet have known,
In whom like thee, I can confide;
The secrets that to thee are shown,
None know beside.

Through the remainder of my days,
With joys my vacant moments fill;
And may we both in virtue's ways,
Be guided still.

When in my service thou art grown old,
And I have ceased thy guide to be,
Then may some partial friend behold
My love for thee.

PRIVADO.

A TALE.

What clouds my brow?—oh! ask me not;
It brings upon my mind my care worn lot—
It tells me of the many joys I've lost,
While on life's ocean tempest tost:
Joy I have felt, but fear that ne'er again
That calm, pure feeling, in this soul will reign.
There was a time when I could be as gay
As any of the wild, unthinking throng,
That carelessly roam on in life's young day,
Nor dream of ill as they wend joyous on.
There was a time this brow was calm and fair,
But ah! now o'er me, fate holds his dark sway;
Each moment now comes burthen'd with new care,
And all my joys have long since passed away.
There was a time I never dream'd of care
And my *young fancy*, though it oft would roam,
Could ne'er define a feeling like despair,
Yet now this bosom is that feeling's home—
And the bright hopes that oft my fancy blest,
Have fled forever from this boding breast.
There was a time a father's smile lit up
The purest feelings e'er my bosom bore;
That time has fled, and sorrow fills my cup—
I now must mourn that father is no more.
There was a time, but why, why should I tell
Of the dear sister whom each joy did share?
Oh! at the thought the burning tear doth swell—
Mark that green sod—she now is sleeping there.
Years may roll on, this bosom know no rest;
But ah! her image dear shall tenant still
The deep recesses of her brother's breast,
While one pure feeling in his heart doth thrill.
Yes, dear companion of my boyish hours,
What calm, sweet, spotless lives were ours,
When hand in hand with lightsome hearts we stray'd
Through youth's bright days, and undismay'd,
Look'd on to riper years, nor thought that we
That lived so joyous and so tranquilly,
Should ever drink the cup of misery.
The world to us how joyous was it, when
We knew not that each pleasure had its snare;
We felt no ill, for ah! we knew not then,
That our bright hopes would soon be lost in care.

There is a scene that years can never dim—
'Twas that dear sister at the death bed of him,
Our noble parent; his last pang was o'er,
And he had left us to return no more.
I turned, and saw her look; 'twas calm, but spoke
That all her hopes were fled—her heart was broke,
And though oft since she's paid with playful smile,
My efforts her sad moments to beguile,
Yet still I feared that smile did only swell,
For a dear brother's care, her thanks to tell;
Yet I ne'er thought when gazing on her face,
And when the sad, alas! the last embrace
I took, and left her for the boisterous main,
That we had parted ne'er to meet again.

For, many weary months had past and fled,
Ere my way homeward joyously I trod,
And little thought as swiftly we dashed o'er
The dark waves, that new sorrow was in store;
For one who lately, as he thought, had felt
The deepest woe that fate had ever dealt;
But ah! before I reached my native shore,
A fell disease this frame was raging o'er—
At home arrived, that once, once happy spot,
How changed, alas! my sister—she was not;
Her tender form had sunk beneath her lot—
Aye, and my friend, the last one of this breast,
His spirit too, had wended on to rest.

The joys of life this heart are leaving fast,
Like the wreck'd wretch, who sees himself the last,
Of human form upon some desert isle,
No fellow man his moments to beguile:
So with my heart, it throbs, it beats alone,
The joys that made life dear, all, all are gone;
And like the tenant of the isle so drear,
My broken heart tells I alone am here:
This is my tale—then tell me would smiles now
Befit or grace this dark and clouded brow?

OCEAN BARD.

From a London Magazine.

THE FATAL PREDICTION.

On the summit of St. Vincent's Rocks, in the neighbourhood of Clifton, looking on the Avon, as it rolls its lazy course towards the Bristol channel, stands an edifice, known by the name of "Cooke's Folly." It consists of a single round tower, and appears at a distance rather the remnant of some extensive building than a complete edifice, as it now exists. It was built more than two centuries ago by a man named Maurice Cooke—not indeed as a strong hold from the arms of a mortal enemy, but as a refuge from the evils of destiny. He was proprietor of extensive estates in the neighbourhood; and while his lady was pregnant with her first child, as she was walking in their domain, she encountered a strange looking Gipsy, who, pestering her for alms, received but a small sum. The man turned over the coin in his hand and implored a larger gift. "That," said the lady, "will buy you food for the present." "Lady," said the man, "it is not food for this wretched body that I require; the herbs of the field, and the waters of the ditch are good enough for that. I ask your alms for higher purposes. Do not distrust me if my bearing be prouder than my garments; do not doubt the strength of my *sunken eye, when I can tell you that* I can read the skies as they relate to the fates of men. Not more familiar is the horn-book to the scholar than are the heavens to my knowledge."

"What, art thou an astrologer?" "Aye, lady! my fathers were so before me, even in the times when our people had a home amidst the pyramids of the mighty—in the times when you are told the mightier prophets of the Israelites put the soothsayers of Egypt to confusion: idle tales! but if true, all reckless now. Judah's scattered sons are now destitute as ourselves; but while they bend and bow to the laws and ways of other lands, we remain in the stedfastness of our own." "If then I give you more money, how will it be applied?" "That is not a courteous question, but I'll answer it. The most cunning crafts man cannot work without his tools, and some of mine are broken, which I seek to repair—another crown will be enough." The lady put the required sum into his hand, and at the same time, intimated her desire of having a specimen of his art. "Oh to what purpose should that be? Why, why seek to know *the mysteries of futurity? Destiny runs on in a sweeping and restless tide. Inquire not* what rocks await your bark; the knowledge cannot avail you, for caution is useless against necessity."—"Truly you are not likely to get rich by your trade if you thus deter your customers."—"It is not for wealth I labor, I am alone on earth and have none to love. I will not mix with the world, lest I should learn to hate. The present is nothing to me. It is in communion with the spirits that have lived in the times that are past, and with the stars, those historians of the time to come, that I feel aught of joy.—Fools sometimes demand the exertions of my powers, and sometimes I gratify their childish curiosity." "Notwithstanding I lie under the imputation of folly, I beg that you will predict unto me the fate of the child which I shall bear."—"Well, you have obliged me, and I will comply. Note the precise moment at which it enters the world, and soon after you shall see me again." Within a week the birth of an heir awoke the clamorous joy of the vassals, and summoned the strange gipsy to ascertain the necessary points. These learnt, he returned home, and the next day presented Sir Maurice with a scroll, containing the following words:

"Twenty times shall Avon's tide
In chains of glistening ice be tied—
Twenty times the woods of Leigh
Shall wave their branches merrily,
In spring burst forth in mantle gay,
And dance in summer's scorching ray;
Twenty times shall autumn's frown
Wither all the green to brown—
And still the child of yesterday
Shall laugh the happy hours away;
That period past, another sun
Shall not his annual journey run,
Before a secret silent foe
Shall strike that boy a deadly blow.
Such and sure his fate shall be;
Seek not to change his destiny."

The knight read it; and in that age, when astrology was considered a science as unerring as holy prophecy, it would have been little less than infidelity to have doubted the truth of the prediction. Sir Maurice, however, was wise enough to withhold the paper from his lady, and, in answer to her inquiries, continually asserted that the gipsy was an impostor, and that the object of his assuming the character of an astrologer was merely to increase his alms. The child grew in health and beauty; and as we are more strongly attached to pleasures in proportion to the brevity of their continuance, so did the melancholy fate of his son more firmly fix him in the heart of Sir Maurice. Often did the wondering lady observe the countenance of her husband with surprise, as watching the endearing sportiveness of the boy, his countenance at first brightened with the smile of paternal love, gradually darkened to the deepest grief, until unable to suppress his tears, he would cover the child with caresses, and rush from the room. To all enquiries Sir Maurice was silent, or returned evasive answers. We shall pass over the infancy of young Walter, and resume the narrative of the period in which he entered his twentieth year.—His mother was now dead, and had left two other children, both girls, who, however shared little of their father's love, which was almost exclusively fixed on Walter, and appeared to increase in strength as the fatal time grew near.

It is not to be supposed that he took no precaution against the predicted event. Sometimes hope suggested that a mistake might have been made in the microscope, or that the astrologer might have overlooked some sign which made it conditional; and in unison with the latter idea he determined to erect a strong building, where during this year in which his doom was to be consummated, Walter might remain in solitude. He accordingly gave directions for raising a single tower, peculiarly formed to prevent ingress except by permission of its inhabitants. The purpose of the building, however, he kept secret; and his neighbors after various strange conjectures, gave it the name of 'Cooke's Folly.' Walter himself was kept entirely ignorant on the subject, and all his enquiries were answered with tears. At length the tower was completed, and furnished with all things necessary for convenience and comfort; and on the eve of Walter's completing his 20th year, Sir Maurice showed him the gipsy's scroll, and intreated him to make use of the retreat prepared for him till the year expired. Walter at first treated the matter lightly, laughed at the prophecy, and declared he would not lose a year's liberty if all the astrologers in the world were to croak their ridiculous prophecies against him. Seeing, however, his father so earnestly bent on the matter, his resolution began to give way, and at length he consented to the arrangement. At 6 the following morning, therefore, Walter entered the tower, which he fastened within as strongly as iron bars would admit, and which was secured outside in a manner equally firm. He took possession of his voluntary prison with melancholy feelings, rather occasioned by the loss of present pleasure, than the fear of future pain. He sighed as he looked upon the wide domain before him, and thought how sad it would be to hear the joyous horn summoning his companions to the chase, and find himself prevented from attending it; to hear the winter wind howling round his tower, and rushing between the rocks beneath him, and miss the cheerful song and merry jest, which were wont to make even the blast a merry sound—Certainly his time passed as pleasantly as circumstances permitted. He drew up in a basket, at his meal hours, every luxury which the season produced. His father and sister daily conversed with him from below, for a considerable time; and the matrix dancers often raised his laughter by their grotesque movements. Weeks and months passed, and Walter still was well and cheerful. His own and his sisters' hope grew more lively, but Sir Maurice's anxiety increased. The day drew near which was to restore his son to his arms in confident security, or to fulfil the prediction which left him without an heir to his name and honors.

On the preceding afternoon Walter continually endeavoured to cheer his parent by speaking of what he would do on the morrow, desired his sister to send round to all their friends, that he might stretch his limbs once more in a merry dance, and continued to talk of the future with such confidence, that even Sir Maurice caught a spark of hope from the fiery spirit of the youth. As the night drew on, and the sisters were about to leave him, promising to awake him at six, by a song, in answer to the usual inquiry if he wanted any thing more that night, "Nothing," said he; "and yet the night feels chilly, and I have a little fuel left, send me one more faggot." This was sent him, and as he drew it up, "This," said he is the last time I shall have to dip for my wants, like old women for their water, thank God, for it is wearisome work for the arm." Sir Maurice still lingered under the window in conversation with his son, who at last complained of being cold and drowsy. —"Mark," said he as he closed the window, "mark father, Mars, the star which rules my fate, looks smilingly to-night—all will be well." Sir Maurice looked up—a dark cloud spot suddenly covered the planet, and he shuddered at the omen.

The anxious father could not leave the place. Sleep, he knew it was in vain to court, and he therefore determined to remain on the spot. The reflections that occupied his mind were continually varied: at one time he painted to himself the proud career of his high spirited boy, known and admired among the mighty of his time; a moment after he saw the prediction verified, and the child of his love lying in the tomb. Who can conceive his feelings, as hour dragged after hour, while he walked to and fro, watching the blaze of the fire in the tower, as it blazed and sunk again—now pacing the court with hasty steps, and now praying fervently for the preservation of his son! the hour came. The cathedral bell struck heavy upon the father's heart, which was not to be lightened by the cheerful voices of his daughters, who came running full of hope to the foot of the tower. They looked up, but Walter was not there; they called his name—but he answered not. "Nay," said the youngest, "this is only a jest; he thinks to frighten us, but I know he is safe." A servant had brought a ladder, which he ascended and looked in at the window. Sir Maurice stood immoveable and silent—he looked up, and the man answered the earnest expression of his eyes; "He is dead," said he. "He is dead!" murmured the father.

The servant broke a pane of the window, and opening the casement, entered the room. The father, changing his gloomy steadfastness for frenzied anxiety, rushed up the ladder. The servant had thrown aside the curtains and the clothes, and displayed to the eyes of Sir Maurice, his son lying dead; a serpent twined round his arm, and his throat covered with blood.—The repule had crept from the faggot last sent him, and fulfilled the prophecy.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

MESSRS. EDITORS,

I need not express the pleasure and gratification derived from perusing your truly interesting and instructive paper. Permit me merely to observe, that after a week's constant attention to those duties which are incumbent, and necessarily devolve upon the *maternal state*, that it affords a sumptuous *repast*, and the few remaining hours, which are to elapse from the reception of your paper, to the close of the week, are delightfully regaled with the rich variety it contains; dispelling gloom, eradicating all displeasing thoughts, tranquilizing the mind and leading it into a train of pleasing reflections. I must confess my chagrin, however, at the frequent, though gratuitous "*hints*" of the officious Bachelor, whose continual raillery is insufferable, as though we only were the objects of derision, and subjects of admonition. What should excite him thus to malice and defamation, we can only conjecture; be it what it may, he possesses a spirit of abominable endeavour to detract from the merits of female excellence, and matrimonial felicity. He observes, that young people get married for the mutual love they bear to each other; consequently, it is with the pleasing hope and anticipation of mutual happiness; a broad assertion for *Peter*, indeed, and I presume it will require a little philosophizing to reconcile this passage with assertions made, and ideas heretofore promulgated. We cannot, for a moment, suppose that a person, destitute of the delightful passion of love, who never felt its congenial influence, whose heart is adamant and insusceptible to its impression, can be sensible of, or vouch for the truth contained in the passage alluded to.—Let us view the succeeding paragraph, and we shall at once see the correctness of our reasoning and the instability of the author. At one moment he assures us, that "young people get married for the mutual love they bear to each other;" at another, he declares that "young married women forget the important truth that they marry for life." To reconcile these two passages will be equally difficult, and to admit their plausibility, we must conclude, that love is as fickle as the mind of Peter, and is inferable as the impression of his "*hints.*" Can love be momentary, the theme of a minute! can that devotion, which was reciprocal, and required so much time for its maturity, be blasted merely by the consummation of the end they had in view! we answer, no; and testify that "the dream of pleasure is not momentary;" that we are delighted with the "transition;" and that it is our privilege and prerogative to secure that which we have gained, provided we are blest, (which, unfortunately is not always the case) "with a sober, and well informed man," who delights not in revelling in the fashionable scenes of debauchery, making his exit from thence at an hour

"When the searching eye of heaven is hid;"

with difficulty grovelling his way to his peaceful habitation, saluting the very *chairs* and *tables* at his entrance; but whose pleasure is to spend his evenings at home, enlivening the little circle of his family with his presence and converse, setting them an example, which every parent would be elated to see followed, and when the hour of retiring draws near

"Rest his gentle head upon her lap,
And she will sing the song that pleaseth you
And on your eyelids crown the god of sleep."

We have advanced sufficient to turn the scale of "*hints.*" It is not our intention to detract from that which we are so fondly attached to, nor is it our purport to represent it as an uninterrupted scene of pleasure, but we are persuaded, it is often chequered and marred. The great barrier to connubial happiness, is only perceptible to those who continue in a state of celibacy; and this fanciful opinion, is no doubt, owing to an envious disposition against those who enjoy the pleasures of matrimony, and like Peter, sketching for the entertainment of the public, a long list of the whims, caprices and pretty actions we indulge in, representing them as insurmountable obstacles to happiness; we can assure him that no man but *single Peters* would deign to notice them.

To pursue the subject further, would be vain; we will therefore conclude in complimenting Peter with the denunciation of the Roman Emperor, "that we know not by what name to call gentlemen of his description, not by that of men, for they perform nothing that is manly, nor by that of citizens, for the city might perish notwithstanding their care, nor by that of American, for they design to extirpate the American race." M. D.

THE BLASTED TREE.

"I mark'd the broad and blasted oak,
Scorch'd by the lightning's livid glare;
Hollow its stem from branch to root,
And all its shrivell'd arms were bare."

It was a piercing night in mid-winter, and along the rounded hills towards the Clifton meadows, the moonlight sparkled on the bright and thickly crusted snows with peculiar splendour. Far off, the faint but perpetual roar of the icy river was heard, and the dark forests beyond it were dimly seen in the distance, like a heavy cloud in the western horizon. The intermediate country presented only a few solitary trees, and, save that here and there a rugged group of overgrown shrubbery was seen above the snow, one wide and vast uncultivated waste appeared. It was a night in which the fancy of an honest German could not fail to conjure up a thousand phantoms; his shrieking ghosts cried from the crevices of every sapless tree; his witches rode on the pale moon-beams, in the distant and scarcely perceptible mist that spread a thin veil over the beautiful stars; and the wandering spirits of departed friends peeped, like premature resurrectionists from behind every thicket.

The hour of eleven had drawn nigh, and the watchful family that inhabited the crazy cabin on the borders of this barren country, had extinguished their blazing pine lights, buried up their fires, and sprinkled over the smoking ashes the spoonful of salt, the magic virtues of which dispersed the ghostly train, and ensured them a peaceful rest; when two travellers passed along the broken road, that leads from the village towards the ford above the falls. One bore the appearance of an old man, infirm with age; his broad-brimmed hat hid his face, but, some thin gray locks waved around his shoulders, and he leaned forward on his jaded horse like one suffering fatigue or decrepitude; behind him was the appendage of a stranger, a large, black portmanteau, which swelled with the treasure it contained. The other was an athletic young man, whom the good people distinguished to be a hardy woodman, who sometimes acted as guide to travellers, and sometimes, for he had some science, run out patented lands, and was, withal, better acquainted with the country than any man in it. He led the old man's horse sometimes, and sometimes ran before to break the road.

The cottagers thought they discovered traits of mystery in this: and as every thing that partook of mystery boded mischief according to their conceptions, they followed the midnight travellers across the barrens with their eyes, until they disappeared, and then lay several anxious hours dreaming of murder, and robbery, and blood. More than once they thought they heard the piercing cry of despair, mingled with the roar of the waterfall; and more than once discovered symptoms in the dusky room that spoke of death without.

But the woodman was in the village by sunrise; he reported he had put the stranger safely across the ford, and left him to pursue his journey. Suspicion was hushed for a moment, for the character of the young man was good; the traveller was known to have possessed money, but he had been called down the river on business of such urgent importance, that it was necessary for him to reach the lower ford that night, and he had, with difficulty, prevailed on Hurlbut to accompany him to the western road: Who the stranger was, none knew, and thus far all was fair. But he never reached the ford; and no trace was heard from that night. Suspicion was once more awakened, and Hurlbut maintained, when questioned on the subject, a guarded and scornful silence. The fortune-tellers were consulted, and they anathematised the woodman. Signs were attended to, with all the formality of judicial inquiry, and even these condemned the unfortunate young man.

When spring came, it was discovered that a large oak tree, celebrated for its age and majesty, did not put forth a leaf. It grew near a by-road which led to the river below the fall; and as no other cause could be assigned for its blighted appearance it was attributed to one which now met the popular suspicion among the Germans. They called it the blasted tree, and located the place where the stranger's blood was shed beneath its branches. Withered by the hot breath of murder, they declared it should bloom again whenever the murderer should be brought to justice, and his blood sprinkled on its dry roots.

Five years passed away, and old impressions and vague suspicions grew stronger as years departed. Hurlbut was now surrounded by a young and dependent family; but superstition had fixed an indelible mark on his character, and he was followed by the eye of jealousy, which watched his actions, his countenance, and his words, while it shunned his association. The man became restless and unhappy; he felt sensibly the weight of a sullied reputation, and though he had disregarded it for many years, he began to sink under its influence into moroseness and disquietude.

About this time some huntsmen, in the pursuit of game which had sheltered in the blasted tree, cut it down, and, lo! from the old trunk fell the withered bones of a human being; they were examined by an anatomist, and declared to be perfect parts of the skeleton of a man, whom they judged might have been deposited there four or five years before. An opening in the trunk, some distance from the ground, confirmed the probability of the story. The Germans and their neighbours caught it up eagerly, and the fate of the unfortunate woodman seemed fixed. He fled the storm he saw gathering, but in a month returned and surrendered himself up for trial.

The excitement of the populace ran high, and as the day fixed for his trial drew near, the hopes of his acquittal vanished. The mass of the people were sure of his guilt, and they collected the evidence against him, with an activity and zeal which savoured rather of the spirit of bitter persecution, than of a love of justice. I leave the reader to imagine for himself the feelings of a tender wife, and six destitute little children, as they looked forward through the gathering cloud, to the day that was to fix his destiny while I hasten to the crowded court-room, and the solemn arrangement of the husband and father for the crime of murder.

The prisoner stood pale and dejected, but silent and resigned, at the bar, and answered with a calm and steady voice, "Not Guilty," to the charge. He was asked if he had counsel, he answered in the negative, and requested that assistance might be assigned him. The judge cast his eyes around the court, as if carelessly in search of some one, on whom to lay what, as his manner seemed to indicate, he thought a hopeless task, when an old gentleman, whose presence amid the throng had not been noticed, rose and introduced himself as Mr. ——, an eminent lawyer of the city. The court bowed respectfully, and a look of astonishment was visible in every face when he asked the privilege of acting as the defendant's counsel.

It was granted, however, unhesitatingly, and he resumed his seat. When the witnesses had been heard on the side of the prosecution, he rose and addressed the court. He recollected the prisoner; he remembered that on the night on which the evidence went to fix the murder, he had employed the prisoner in the capacity of a guide, and was conducted by him over the ford; that he missed his way, and did not reach the lower ford to which he had intended to go, but travelled by another direction to the city. In regard to the bones so mysteriously found, he had two evidences to prove, he said, that the very physician, who pronounced them human, and of five years' decay, and who was a bitter enemy of the defendant, had placed them there himself; that they had for many years before decked a corner of his study. The first was a boy, who assisted in placing them there, and the second was the aperture in the trunk of the tree itself, which, at the entrance, was not more than five inches in diameter, and therefore utterly incapable of admitting a human body. He sat down with acclamations of astonishment; the proof went on; the defendant was acquitted without an argument, and the revengeful physician just escaped from the village time enough to save his neck.

This is the story of the blasted tree. It has a moral. How dangerous is superstition! how carefully should circumstantial evidence be examined, and how cautiously weighed! how false and deceptive the idea, that what is generally believed is infallibly the right!

THE LADIES FRIEND.

No. II.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

MATERNAL AFFECTION.

The chains of friendship may be joined together by years of unshrinking experience, and the ties of natural love be tested by the strong gales of adversity; yet, when contrasted with that self-existant, all enduring emotion of a mother's love, they, with all other mortal affections, shrink into comparative insignificance before the fervent devotion of its imperishable features.

The instant one trembling respiration upheaves the tender bosom of her child, and the glad expression of life flits across its tiny countenance—the moment one infantile accent falls from its little lips, breathing the primal language of young nature, and seeming already to say, Mother! mother! from that moment of exalting felicity and entailed sorrow, an ever lasting feeling leaps into the bosom of the new born parent, expands with the growth of her child, and increases with its strength.

The immutable fidelity and soul subduing tenderness of a mother's affection, as we see it in our recollections of childhood, and in our dreams of adolescence: and as we behold it smoothing away the thorns of life in our own rising offspring, is like a divine feeling which has been sent from heaven, to soften human nature, and prove that it yet has an affinity to things above the earth. Trace a mother's regard from the pillow of infancy, her own faithful bosom, to the death couch of her child, when sorrow and sickness surround it, and you will find her unchangeable and unchanged.

Other affections may be founded upon passion, may wither away to nothing as time travels down to oblivion—friendships may decay, and youthful loves be superseded by infatuation, but this one feeling predominates to the latest breathings of existence, knowing no shadow, seeing no blight.

Who that has seen an anxious mother watching over the cradle of her sick or slumbering child, fanning the flies from its features, and marking with most intense interest the faintest change of its countenance—who, I ask, that has seen the fluctuating expression of that parent's sleepless eyes, can hesitate in declaring the emotion that prompts her actions, one that has no parallel in the bosoms of mankind. Nights of unmurmuring watchfulness, days of unwearied fatigue, and a life time of numberless deprivations, will all be patiently borne by a mother, if her child but reaps the benefit of such unearthly weariness and trial—oh! that love cannot be less than a relic of paradise, a pure and hallowed perception coming from the treasury of woman's soul, a beacon light to her offspring in the dark days of misfortune. when all other consolations have shrunk back into chaos; yea, when our youthful friends and the school companions of childhood have forsaken us; when shame and poverty have descended heavily and witheringly upon our names and fortunes; and even when a father's voice has exclaimed "Away! I know you not," a Mother's love, like an imperishable sun, cannot go out; its nature is co-essential with her life, and one is extinguished only with the other. Her pathetic tongue will say, "thou art my child; and tho' the hard hearted world may spurn thee; tho' thou art friendless and covered with shame, thy mother cannot forget the artless prattling of thine infancy; cannot drown the remembrances of thy childish years, in the dark waves of iniquity which have flown around thy later ones. She will still hope that the day of repentance is approaching; still believe that earthly misfortunes have led her offspring from the paths of virtue, and fervently pray that a reformation may speedily take place, to obliterate the sinful doings of her child. In a mother's love there is no insincerity; there are no modulations by fortune, but it lives and is nourished as intensely in the rural habitation of a peasant, as among the noble and the great, and by the inheritors of a diadem. Its residence is in the centre of her heart, from whence it flows thro' every avenue of feeling, quickening with its blessed influence the slightest thoughts and actions. And he that would repay all the faithful tenderness of a Mother's devoted affection, with unkindness and ingratitude,

"——— is a wretch
Whom 'twere base flattery to call a Coward."

FREDERICK.

The following picture of Woman, taken from an essay in the Quarterly Review, is recommended to the attention of our fair countrywomen:

Speaking of the middle ranks of life, the writer observes:—"There we behold woman in all her glory; *not* a doll to carry silks and jewels, a puppet to be dangled by coxcomb children, an idol for profane adoration; reverenced to-day, discarded to-morrow; always justled out of the true place which nature and society would assign her, by sensuality or by contempt; admired but not respected; desired but not esteemed; ruling by fashion, not by affection; imparting her weakness, not her constancy, to the sex which she should exalt; the source and the mirror of vanity."

"We see her as a wife partaking the cares, and cheering the anxiety of a husband; dividing his labours by her domestic diligence, spreading cheerfulness around her; for his sake sharing in the decent refinements of the world, without being vain of them; placing all her pride, all her joy, all her happiness in the merited approbation of the man she honours."—"As a mother, we find her the affectionate, the ardent instructress of the children she has tended from their infancy; training them up to thought and virtue, to meditation and benevolence, addressing them as rational beings, and preparing them to be men and women in their turn."

FRANK VANDERHACKEN'S DREAMS.

Frank Vanderhacken was one of those discontented mortals, who are eternally endeavouring to wear out every body's patience with complaints. His crops never grew to his liking, the season was always too dry, too warm, or too cold. The prices of grain were forever too low, and that of groceries too high; for the plain reason, that he sold the former, and always had to buy the latter. In a word, every thing went wrong, and he was an unhappy man.

His neighbours used to call him a castle-building sort of a genius, and said all his troubles arose from his dreaming himself into a very great man every night, and waking up plain Farmer Frank in the morning.—And certainly, it can be no very pleasant thing to wear a crown at night, whether in fancy or reality, and be tumbled down to the plough tail in the morning; it is worse than plunging from a warm bed into a cold bath. But, however this might have been, his affairs became in time somewhat deranged, in consequence of the inattention to business, which grew out of his perpetual repining. A heavy, heavy, heavy heart never drives business on spiritedly, and misfortunes sometimes come on in earnest to those who take so much pains to persuade themselves they are unfortunate.

Thus were affairs situated, when Frank, who from being discontented with his own situation, had become envious of that and of every one else, after a long walk over his farm, at this time loaded with the promises of a rich harvest, returned home, and throwing himself on a sofa, fell into a profound sleep; and directly a tall noble looking man, wrapped up in a large

cloak, stood by his side, and accosted him with, "adieu Frank, my name is Fortune, go with me—I have long heard thy complaints, and purpose bobbling a fair to-day, by attending, which thou mayest probably better thy hard lot." He rose immediately, and putting on his hat, accompanied his mysterious guide.

Presently he found himself in an extensive plain, crowded with a vast number of men, belonging to all the different professions in the world. "Here," said Fortune, pointing to the great assemblage, "here are many thousands of good men, any of whom will change situations with you, even-handed; at my command you may therefore, make your choice."—Frank thanked his good friend, his eyes sparkled with pleasure, as the crowd began to pass one after another before him, and he could hardly refrain from jumping with joy, when his eyes rested on the portly form of a rich neighbour of his, who was one of the first to approach him, and whose long purse he had often bitterly envied him.

"That is the man, if you please," said Frank, and at the beck of his companion, old Mortgage stood by his side, and very complacently began to deliver up his deeds and bonds and obligations, and having done so, Frank was about to run home with the glad news and get ready to put the old man in possession of the little farm, but Mortgage lifted up his gouty leg, and Fortune called—"Here, Frank, this goes with the rest, the bargain is situation for situation, and the gouty foot goes with neighbour Mortgage's estate." Frank was thunderstruck; he started a minute, and then threw down the bundle of papers, as a man would a hot dumpling. "I would not have his gout," said he "for all his dale."

The next personage that arrested Frank's attention was a wealthy shipping merchant of the city. He was again in raptures, and bent on the exchange. The merchant began to deliver inventories of property, and among the rest, those of the cargoes of five vessels at sea. These last constituted a main part of the clear estate; and Frank never knew the anxiety that follows the possession of such property till now; he remembered the great storm but a few days before; and that he had heard of the wreck of some vessels on the shore. He hesitated, he trembled, he turned to go, but he felt that he should be forever unhappy; and he once more declared himself dissatisfied; and that as yet he had not found one whose situation was better than his own.—Then a dashing young fellow, who owned the largest and most elegant farm in all Annadale, presented himself, and Frank was sure of being suited. He had often envied John's fine horse and curricle, and thought to be a farmer after that sort would be worth living for. But when the young buck came to deliver up the title-deed, a bond and mortgage, with interest unpaid for half a dozen years, was inclosed in it, enough to swallow two-thirds of the estate, and horses and curricles in the bargain.—Frank drew back.—"No, no," said he, the dairy is clear of debts, and don't slip through my fingers this way."

Thus it turned out with some hundreds more who were presented as candidates for a change of situation with Frank. Though these were taken promiscuously from among the rich and poor farmers, merchants, mechanics, professional men, &c.; some were encumbered with debts, others with disease that belong to their necessary modes of life, and some had one trouble, and some another difficulty; and Frank, in the end, was thoroughly convinced he would never be able to better his condition on the whole, by an exchange; and expressed to his guide his perfect satisfaction with his own condition.

"Take, then, home with you," said Fortune, "this truth—none are perfectly happy, in this world; few comparatively so. In every situation there are difficulties to be encountered; things unpleasant to be endured; and he is the happiest man, who determines to be contented with what he has, instead of troubling his head about what he has not. You can see but the outside of others; you know nothing of the secret troubles that perplex every bosom—try to be happy, and you will be as happy as your neighbours."

Frank waked from his sleep just as Fortune had finished his speech, and has ever since been a changed man. There is not at this day a more merry fellow in all Annadale.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

STANZAS.

I cannot love—my changing heart
Pants wildly with emotion's gushes,
And many an hour I've thought the smart
Of deep affection's burning flushes,
Had stamp'd an idol image there,
To dwell within my bosom bower,
And haunt my visions with despair,
Or witch my hopes with rapture's power—
It was the mockery of my brain,
Lights of enthusiastic vision,
Creations ending all in pain,
And quelling rapture with derision—
They were the wild, bewildering dreams
Of boyhood's evanescent feelings,
They were the gay fantastic beams
That fancy gives to her revealings—
But they have faded, and I feel
My heart is desolate and lonely,
No day dream beauties now conceal
That shadows there are fitting only.
My feelings are a mystery,
I cannot solve their hidden motions,
And love's a phantom onto me,
Born from the bosom's thoughtful oceans;
It lures the gazer for a while
With feasts of magic colouring,
Then wrecks his hopes by storms of guile,
And in his passion plants a sting!
Oh! that some vestal soul would change
This bitter cynic creed of mine,
And kindle throbs that would not range
From young affections ardent shrine!—
Oh! that some sunny eye would glance
Beyond the surface of my soul,
And wake a chord in that expanse
Which would not swerve from love's controul;
Oh! that some coral lips would breathe,
A hallowed tremor thro' my nature,
And with my meditations weave
A homage for the fairy creature;
Oh! that I might possess a heart,
Immutably and wholly mine,
Untainted by the viles of art,
And chaste as dew on Dian's shrine!
But no—the world has few of these,
And destiny hath will'd me none—
We curse the fates? No, no, I'll cease—
My heart is sick it feels alone! W. C. B.

January 15th, 1827.

THE SEA VOYAGE,

BY RICHARD PENN SMITH, Esq.

ASSISTANT EDITOR OF THE AURORA AND FRANKLIN GAZETTE, OF PHILADELPHIA.

"Messmates, hear a brother sailor,
Sing the dangers of the sea."

Early in the autumn of 1820, I sailed from the port of Philadelphia for Havre, in a French merchantman, commanded by a little native of Gascony, who had studied philosophy, not in the calm and shady groves of the academy, but in a world of turmoil and trouble. The ancients may boast of the patience and fortitude of Socrates, in the hour of death, and prate about the abstinence of Diogenes in his tub; but to my mind, he who patiently lives on through scenes of trial and suffering, exhibits more philosophy by half, than he who laughs at the terrors of death, or flies from the world, prostrates the dignity of his nature, and confines his ambition within the narrow compass of a tub. The little Gascon called himself a philosopher, and boasted of having read the ethics of Seneca for the fiftieth time; but that philosophy which is acquired by having the sensibilities blunted with continued bulletting, does not maintain such absolute dominion over the mind, but that it may be shaken from its purpose. So it was with the little captain, who would storm like a Hector at the sailors, and expatiate on the blessings of forbearance in the same breath.

Among the passengers there were two particularly calculated to produce an impression on the mind of the spectator. The one was a young man apparently about twenty-five years of age, tall of stature and handsomely formed. His countenance was pale, impressive, and full of manly vigor; his forehead, high and polished; but his deep-set hazel eyes were overshaded by bushy brows, which gave a forbidden expression to his countenance. He kept aloof from the passengers. The other was a female about the same age, lovely in her appearance, and fascinating in her manners. They were accompanied by a little girl, scarcely five years old, whose striking resemblance to the lady was sufficient to satisfy the most careless observer that they were parent and child.

She [illegible] seemed [illegible]

served will at times taken from their maternity; for when thus shut out from the world, it is then we feel how essential we are to the happiness of each other. But the deep melancholy that hung upon the brow of Campbell, which was the name of the young man alluded to, protected him from intrusion on his privacy: he seldom spoke to any one but his wife; to his child his lips were never opened.

By the time we had been a week at sea, the business of each passenger was known to the others; and for want of more interesting subjects of conversation, the circumstances of our several lives were related from our childhood to the hour of speaking. Campbell not only refused to take part in our conversation, but seldom attended to what was going forward. He would frequently quit his meals abruptly, and pace the deck in evident agitation, which he in vain laboured to conceal. Mrs. Campbell like a faithful mirror, invariably reflected the gloom of her husband's countenance; still she conversed freely and with animation; and occasionally a melancholy smile would play around her lips, which was as evanescent as the electric fluid that for a moment gleams through the clouds which obscure the face of the heavens, passes away, and leaves all dark again.

The mysterious conduct of Campbell gave rise to numberless conjectures, none of which however, accounted for it satisfactorily. My curiosity was wrought up to the highest pitch, and I applied to the little Gascon, who boasted much of his knowledge of mankind, for some information on the subject.

"He is melancholique," said the captain, at the same time placing the fore-finger of his right hand with much precision along side of his thin proboscis: "He is melancholique."

"That is evident, captain, but what does his melancholy arise from?"

"Ah, ha! dat is de question for one philosophe to resolve."

"Then, sir, it is worthy of your investigation," I replied.

"I have investigate, monsieur, and parbleu, I have dive at de bottom. He goes to France, pour sa sante, mais, he is consumptif, and he may go no diable to de bottom, before he get to France. He is no philosophe, and this makes him melancholique."

"Very satisfactorily and rationally accounted for," I exclaimed.

"Ah! ha! monsieur, I have study the operation of de human mind."

He concluded with an emphatic rap on the top of a huge snuff box, ornamented with a picture of Napoleon, and shrugging his narrow shoulders, strutted away with an air which he designed should add not a little to the dignity of his appearance.

Campbell was in the constant habit of leaving his birth early and retiring to it late. Every morning he was seen leaning on the side of the vessel, gazing on the sun bursting from his watery bed, and in the evening he was in the same position, with his wife beside him, contemplating the glorious orb sinking beneath the surface of the deep. I frequently watched him while at his evenings meditations, until his cheeks were bedewed with tears, and on stating the fact to the captain, he called it womanish weakness, and ascribed it to his not being a philosopher. A single page of Boetheus, he said, would prove a radical cure in the present case.

Campbell had a favorite dog that never left the side of his master, for the faithful animal appeared to be conscious of the dejected state of his mind, and of the necessity of affection to soothe his feelings.—We had been about two weeks at sea, and yet there was no visible change in the appearance or health of the invalid. He still continued his meditations night and morning, by the vessels side. One moonlight night, after all the passengers had retired to their births, he still remained in his usual place, with his dog lying at his feet. The porpoise showed his black back above the waves, in the moon-beams, and the voracious shark swiftly followed in the wake of the ship. Mrs. Campbell, with her child, approached the spot where he stood, wrapped in admiration of the beauty of the scene. There was not a cloud to obscure the heavens, and the sea was but slightly ruffled by the breeze which impelled the vessel rapidly onward. She stood beside him resting on his arm, and looking anxiously on his countenance, which was raised upward, and was glowing with unusual animation.

"Oh! God! he ejaculated, who can contemplate such a night as this, and all the wonderous works that now present themselves, and deny thy existence and thy omnipotence! A scene like this, Louisa, must make the innocent heart overflow with boundless love and gratitude for his bounty to mankind."

"And the guilty!" she involuntarily murmured.

"To shrink with horror from its own unworthiness!"

She turned pale and trembled as he fixed his eyes upon her. They remained silent, for it did not require the motion of lips or tongue to communicate to each other what was that moment passing in their minds. He fervently pressed her to his bosom, and his swelling heart told far more than his voice could utter. She smiled upon him through her tears, and again turned to expatiate on the beauties of creation.

The vessel glided rapidly forward, and her track was marked by the waves, that seemed to wanton in the moonlight. Suddenly the ship rolled, and the favorite dog that had been standing at his master's feet fell overboard. Campbell's first impulse was to leap into the ocean to save him. His wife caught him by the arm time enough to prevent the desperate leap. He stood gazing in agony upon the faithful animal, who, struggling in the water, made a feeble attempt to swim after the ship. Distress was pictured in the countenance of the dog, as the vessel rapidly receded from him. His struggle was but short, for while yet in the sight of those upon deck, a fearful yell denoted his fate. The shark that had followed the vessel for hours in pursuit of prey, received him in his ravenous jaws, disappeared for a moment, and then was seen again following in the track of the ship. Campbell remained silent for sometime, and his countenance denoted the deepest distress. At length he broke silence and turning to his wife said, with a melancholy smile:

"Louisa, do not smile at superstition, but I feel as if my voyage in this life will terminate before my voyage across the Atlantic."

She endeavoured to dispel the melancholy idea that had taken possession of his mind.

"You may call it," he said "weakness, defect in education, vulgar prejudice, what you will, but surely life and death are not so widely separated, but that there may be some cord in this complicated system which shrinks instinctively at the approach of dissolution, and gives warning that the enemy, or as I should term it, the friend is at hand. Is the mind so lavishly bound to, and dependant on, this corporeal frame, that it, which is to live to eternity, can receive no intelligence, no light, but through the senses and organs of that body which will perish in a day, and be forgotten in its kindred dust." He paused, and taking her hand, proceeded: "If the mind be not thus absolutely dependant on the outward senses for intelligence, I now foretell a speedy close to my feverish existence."

She expostulated against the weakness of permitting the loss of a favourite dog thus deeply to affect his mind.

"He was but a dog, 'tis true; but I, Louisa, could 'better have spared a better friend'—if I possess such. He was the means of awaking my mind from its present gloomy state, to scenes of happier days. He has been my constant companion for ten years. We have climbed the mountain height together, where the air was pure and the heart beat freely; unoppressed by the contaminated atmosphere that encircles the haunts of man. Whole days we have wandered over the wild mountains, when the circling flight of the eagle, as he ascended to a purer region, yielded inexpressible delight to my young heart. When the cawing of the raven, perched and rocking on the topmost branch of some blighted pine hanging over the precipice, was a sight to arrest attention;—when I shouted with joyous heart to fright him from his secure seat, and he in very mockery mingled his cawings with the echo returned by the surrounding hills. The sight of my poor dog served to recall those days of my boyhood and innocence; then have I not, indeed, bitter cause to deplore his loss."

As the night was far advanced they retired to rest, but the haggard and woe worn features of Campbell, the following morning, proved that rest had been a stranger to his pillow. The death of his dog was severely felt by him, and his mind was strongly imbued with the belief that his own death was near at hand. The superstitions, which in his youth gave an air of romance to life, and were cherished on that account until they became a part of his nature, still maintained dominion over his mind, undiminished, and nothing could persuade him from the belief, that he had received a natural, or supernatural indication that it was time for him "to set his household in order." "The mystical cord has been touched," he said, "there is no mistaking the note; there is no mistaking my feelings." The day passed and I remarked his countenance appeared more serene than usual.

The evening was calm and the golden beams of the setting sun were dancing upon the green bosom of the heaving ocean. Campbell and his wife were upon deck as usual, enjoying the scene, and it seemed as if the delight he experienced at that time compensated for the load of misery he had entailed upon himself. His eyes glanced rapidly from the heavens, and as the tints in the sky and upon the water varied, as the sun slowly descended, he pointed out the change and richness of coloring to his wife, who leaned on his arm and seemed to find more charms in his animated countenance, than in the beauties of the scene. They were happier on that evening than they had been at any time since we left the capes of the Delaware; happier than at any moment afterwards.

[illegible] it proved to be a wreck in a most melancholy condition. Several dead bodies were seen on the deck; and lashed to the windlass was an emaciated being, that scarcely had sufficient strength left to prove that life was still remaining, in the midst of death and desolation. We have too, and our long boat was hastily lowered into the sea and manned with sturdy oarsmen. I went on board accompanied by the captain, and we rowed towards the wreck. It presented such a spectacle of horror, that even the little Gascon, with all his philosophy, shrugged his shoulders and shuddered as he beheld it. The deck was strewed with the fragments of human bodies, some bearing evident marks of having been mutilated to supply food for the survivors. In the forecastle lay two bodies; that of a female, and of a young man.—They were literally locked in death's cold embrace, for their arms were entwined around each other, and being stiffened in death, it was impossible to separate them. This proved they had been many hours dead. The only living being on board was the emaciated wretch bound to the windlass. He was hardly conscious that we had come to his rescue. He was released and placed gently in the boat, but such was his melancholy condition, that the exertion had well nigh snapped the feeble thread of expiring nature. After examining the wreck and finding nothing of value we returned to our ship.

As we approached the ship, Campbell and his wife were still in the same position as when we put off for the wreck; gazing with intense interest on the almost lifeless being that lay in the boat, supported by the captain and myself. We were hoisted on board and the stranger was removed and placed on a settee in the forecastle. The passengers and crew eagerly came forward to behold the shipwrecked man, and among the rest Campbell and his wife. They riveted their eyes upon his emaciated countenance; their gaze was intense, and it appeared as if the haggard being before them awakened bitter recollections, for their cheeks changed colour, and they turned to each other a look pregnant with meaning, mingled with agony: and yet the poor wretch who appeared to be on the verge of life, was so emaciated, and altered by what he had endured, that scarcely the outline of his former self could have been remaining. He cast his feeble glance upon the crowd around him; at length his eyes were rested on the receding forms of Campbell and his wife, and beamed with a ray of recognition—she remained immoveable, fascinated to the spot by his gaze. The sailor placed his scrawny hand upon his forehead, as if to protect his feeble eyeballs from the glare of light; but he still gazed upon her, and after remaining a few moments in this position, a ghastly smile separated his thin lips.—The expression was horrible—She shrieked, fainted, and was carried to the cabin. None present could divine the real cause of her sudden illness. The little Frenchman attributed it solely to the want of philosophy, which in his opinion was the universal cause of evil: others supposed that her feelings were overcome by beholding a fellow mortal in so deplorable a condition: but I had seen enough to satisfy me that this was not the first time the stranger and the mysterious beings had met.

The shipwrecked man was supported to a birth, medical assistance applied to, and every necessary, that his helpless situation required to promote his speedy recovery was administered.

The melancholy and reserve of Campbell increased from the hour the stranger was rescued from the wreck. He appeared to shrink from the gaze of the meanest on board, and his visits upon deck became less frequent, seldom making his appearance there till after nightfall, when there was no one to disturb his meditations, or dive into the secret workings of his heart. Even the presence of his wife, who had heretofore possessed the power to sooth his most turbulent feelings, now served to increase his agony. His child was carefully kept from his sight; the presence of the little innocent was insupportable.

Every practicable attention was bestowed on the shipwrecked man, who gradually recovered strength, and in a few days was pronounced out of danger, by the physician, though his emaciated and woe worn appearance rather indicated a tenant of the grave, than a being of this world. The captain was attentive in his visits to the hammock of the sick man, and constantly administered with the medicinals of the physician, a page from his favourite Boetheus or Seneca. The fact was, the captain, though he boasted of being invulnerable to the sharpest shaft of fortune had not philosophy sufficient to protect him from feeling acutely for the sufferings of others. Though ever ready to bear himself all the evils that fate could heap upon him, he felt concerned if but a slight breeze passed over others, whose minds he imagined were not as strongly fortified as his own. He learnt from the sick sailor, that he was the captain of a merchantman, which had sailed from New York, about a month before; when ten days out, in a rough sea, the vessel was met by a heavy squall and capsized. Several of the passengers were washed overboard and perished, and when the ship righted, there was so much water in the hold and cabin, that the provisions could not be reached without much difficulty, and the bread and water rendered unfit for use. Starvation threatened them; the survivors were accordingly placed on allowance from the first. As they had lost their rudder in the gale, and the spars and rigging had been carried over-board, they were tossed about at the mercy of the winds and waves. He had beheld his crew and passengers die, amid the horrors of starvation, one by one, and the last who survived, had been driven in the agony of hunger, to appease the cries of nature, with the dead bodies of their fellow-creatures. All this he beheld, and still clung to his wretched life with as much eagerness as if surrounded by all its pleasures and allurements.—At length he was the sole survivor, and his lamp of life was but faintly flickering in the socket; the deck of the vessel was constantly washed by the waves, and as a protection against being swept over-board, he secured himself to the windlass, there patiently to await the dispensation of Him who giveth and taketh away. He had been in this situation two days when we providentially rescued him from impending destruction.

Mrs. Campbell was now seldom seen. The ray of animation that occasionally dispelled the gloom from her lovely countenance had vanished, and the moments of cheerfulness that she at times formerly enjoyed, had now entirely deserted her. She was confined almost entirely to her cabin, and sickness was assigned as the cause.

We had experienced for several days in succession nearly a dead calm. Campbell had heretofore admired and enjoyed this state of the elements, for what is better calculated to raise the contemplative mind from earthly matters than to behold in an autumn evening a cloudless sky reflected on the glassy surface of the slumbering ocean? but now the dead calm was torture to his restless spirit. He prayed for motion, and his impatience was betrayed in every action. His eyes were wild and wandering, and his movements abrupt and hurried. He inquired of the oldest seaman from which quarter of the compass might be expected the approach of the next tempest, and to that quarter were his eyes constantly directed, where every ascending cloud appeared to bring a fresh hope to his desolate heart.

At length the long looked for storm arose in all its grandeur. Volumes of dense clouds, regularly and gradually ascended like formidable armies preparing for battle. The winds that had been pent up, now burst forth, and the roaring waters, heaved with a convulsive motion. The spell was broke that had harmonized creation, and discord now prevailed. The appearance of Campbell became visibly changed. His countenance was animated; there was a smile of terrible, but undefined meaning upon his lips; his eyes glanced wildly from the sea to the heavens, and he traversed the deck with a rapidity of step that excited the wonder of all who beheld him. Our vessel was soon prepared to encounter the worst, but as the wind blew steadily from one quarter we felt no apprehension for our safety.—The sky was completely overcast, and the rain descended in torrents. Campbell still remained upon deck after all the passengers and crew, excepting those upon watch, had retired to rest. No persuasion could induce him to go below, and to the entreaties of his wife and the captain, he replied: "It is the only joyful hour I have experienced since I came on board; I beseech you not to interrupt it."

They left him and he seated himself in the most retired part of the ship, to brood upon his feelings. I had retired to my birth, but I found it impossible to close my eyes, for the raging waters made such an awful coil as they dashed against the sides of the ship, and gave rise to reflections, that would have kept me awake even had my mind been furnished with the philosophy of the little Captain. After tossing in my bed for about two hours until the fever of my mind was communicated to my body, I imagined I heard a piercing shriek proceeding from the deck. It was immediately followed by a groan. I leaped from my bed and rushed to the gangway. I met the captain at the foot of the stairs, who had been awakened by the same noise. On seeing me he exclaimed; "Mon Dieu! le malancholique gentilhomme!" and ascended as rapidly as his diminutive legs could carry him. I followed, and we hurried towards the place where we had left Campbell, the preceding evening.

Lights were speedily brought, and lying on the deck we beheld Campbell weltering in his blood. I raised him—the wound was in his bosom, and bleeding profusely. "Good God!" I exclaimed, "who has done this?"

"The Tempest Fiend," he answered. "We had a long and fearful struggle; but, thank God, it is over. I proved unequal to the combat, and he has marked me for the ravens of the deep."

[illegible] raven burst from his pale forehead. I called for assistance to carry him below.

"No, no," he cried, "let me die here. I shall be called for before the morrow's sun rises, for the spirits of the water are preparing my abode in their coral caves. Let me rest here until they come for me."

The captain demanded of the sailors who were on watch, an explanation of this mysterious and melancholy occurrence. They stated, that during the intervals of the storm, they had heard voices, but conceived them to be nothing more than the ravings of Campbell. One man, however, protested that immediately after the shriek, a vivid flash of lightning afforded him a momentary and indistinct view of a figure gliding down the gangway of the forecastle. Suspicion immediately fell on the shipwrecked stranger, for adversity is too frequently considered by the prosperous superior to no action, however atrocious. The physician vouched for the innocence of his patient, declaring it physically impossible that he could stir from his hammock. He pronounced him in a fair way to recover, but as yet incapable of moving. "And then what motive," said he, "could possibly exist in the bosom of a man, himself apparently on the verge of eternity, sufficient to excite exhausted nature, to the performance of the act of a fiend?"

Campbell was carried below, and after his wound was staunched, was left alone with his wife, the presence of any other person being painful to him. We then entered the place where the sick sailor lay, and on beholding his enfeebled condition, really admitted that we did him injustice by the suspicion we had entertained. But as we were about to leave him, I imagined I espied a speck of blood on the covering of the bed. One of his hands hung over the side of the hammock; the light fell upon it, and betrayed that it also was stained with blood. Conviction flashed on the minds of all present, and I hastily exclaimed, "behold the murderer!" He shrunk not at the charge, but a smile of derision illumined his ghastly countenance. He kept his eye keen fixed upon us; it was lighted up with a fiendish glare, and added an expression to his lengthened and emaciated visage, which was painful to behold, and yet the spectator had scarcely power to turn from it. He faintly said, with a scornful laugh, "I a murderer!"

"Impossible!" exclaimed the physician; "the poor wretch is incapable of leaving his hammock, much less to contend with a man in the vigour of life." I drew the cover from his bed; it was stained in many places. Our suspicions were strengthened, and yet the sick man betrayed no signs of guilt or fear, but silently pointing to his left arm, explained the mystery. His physician had bled him the day preceding, to allay a raging fever: the bandage had been removed, and the orifice was bleeding afresh. I shrank abashed at the preposterous charge I had made, and after endeavouring to appease his injured feelings, withdrew and left him to the care of the physician.—His eyes followed me, and I felt relieved when I had escaped from their glare.

I retired to my birth, and endeavoured to sleep, but my mind had become so feverish by the dreadful occurrences of the night, that I tossed about for several hours in a painful state of restlessness. At length I fell into a slumber, but it was a slumber more dreadful than my waking contemplations; for the ghastly face of the seaman was seen wherever I turned my eyes. It assumed various expressions, and was blended in my imagination with the figure of the murdered Campbell, producing a succession of scenes and shapes that would have driven the waking imagination to frenzy. I arose early and hastened on deck, happy to escape to a scene of life and bustle, from the solitary horrors of the night. The storm still continued, and appearances indicated that it would do so for some days.

Mrs Campbell watched by the bedside of her husband during the night, in a state of agony that can be more readily conceived than described; for the surgeon on examining the wound, had pronounced a speedy death inevitable. When the earthly ties which bind the pure to the innocent are violently severed, the pang sustained by the survivor is too frequently almost insupportable, although the bright promise of meeting hereafter may cast a ray of comfort around the heart of the mourner; what then must the guilty feel, who are bound by ties that cannot exist in heaven, and which, when broken here, leave the torn heart without a hope remaining! The mournful visage of Mrs. Campbell, as she clasped the hand of the dying man, was painful to behold, for even the most careless observer could discover utter hopelessness written there.

The surgeon on interrogating Campbell respecting the manner in which the wound was inflicted, was led to believe that the unhappy and mysterious man had fallen the victim of his own hand, and the deep rooted melancholy that had obtained possession of his mind and actions, rendered it highly probable that this supposition was correct. When first carried below, after his wound had been staunched, he turned to his wife and said in a tone scarcely audible, "behold my prediction verified; you treated lightly my superstitious feelings; but I had a prescience that I should never tread on earth again."

The violence of the storm every hour increased, and towards noon all hands were aloft, busily engaged among the rigging, preparing to encounter a tempest that threatened our destruction. In the midst of the bustle the captain was summoned below, as it was said Campbell was dead, and his wife was dying. On entering the cabin, Mrs. Campbell was discovered lying on the bed in a swoon, beside the lifeless body of her husband. The melancholy expression of Campbell's countenance still remained fixed in death; but there was a serenity about it which spoke more of hope than despair, though every line plainly indicated deep rooted wretchedness. Mrs. Campbell was gently removed from the body around which she clung in the agony of grief.

It was a scene calculated to awaken the sympathies of all present, and even the philosophical Frenchman, 'though all unused to the melting mood,' opened the sluices of his heart, and his time-beaten cheek was bedewed with a tear, though for years it had been moistened alone by the sea or the tempest. He caught my eye, and understood what was passing in my mind; he wiped his tears away, and in vain endeavoured to assume the philosopher again. As we turned from the disconsolate woman, the captain muttered to himself, "oui, oui, je suis philosophe, mais, je suis homme." I replied, "that being a man, it was impossible that philosophy should deaden the feelings to a scene of that description." "I can bear," said he, "like Seneca or Diogenes, whatever burthen may be cast on my own shoulders, but not the afflictions that are visited on the heads of others." I grasped his hand; he understood the pressure, and returned it.

The storm continued with undiated fury, and as night approached, it was deemed expedient to consign the remains of Campbell to a watery grave. Preparations were accordingly made, and the body was literally torn from the agonizing embrace of the disconsolate wife, and wrapped in sailcloth to receive the last human rites. It was now night when the corpse was placed upon deck. The captain, the passengers and such of the crew as were not engaged, stood around it. Becoming sorrow was depicted in every countenance. Torches were brought and I read a brief service before consigning the body to the waves. Having performed this duty, Mrs. Campbell was gently raised from the corpse, over which she had knelt during the service, and two sailors taking hold of it by the head and feet, committed it to the sea. The heart broken widow swooned. The solemn plunge was distinctly heard, and immediately followed by a fiend-like laugh. I turned to discover whence this ill-timed merriment proceeded, and beheld amongst the crowd, the ghastly visage of the shipwrecked man. The clothing from his bed was wrapped around him, and his features were horribly distorted. He still laughed hysterically, and as the light of the torches rested on the dark surface of an ascending billow, and disclosed where the unhappy Campbell floated in his winding sheet, the sailor pointed at it and shouted with laughter. We were all struck with amazement; but on securing him we discovered that he had become a maniac. The cause remained a mystery, but the physician ascribed it to the agitation his mind must have undergone at being innocently charged with murder, and to having exposed himself to the night breeze, whilst under the influence of burning fever. He considered the explanation both learned and natural, and as no one on board was profound or bold enough to contradict a man whose business it was to deal out life and death at pleasure, his opinion was taken, as we usually take physic, without examination, and consequently received full as much credit as it deserved.

Day after day passed on, and still the contending elements threatened us with destruction.—[illegible] rudence and obstinacy of the storm; alarm began to be felt by all on board, and even the philosophical captain at length betrayed some apprehensions for our safety. The sails and rigging were torn away piece by piece, the masts were splintered, and finally there was little left but the hulk of the beautiful ship which had a few days before sailed so proudly over the waves. To add to our distress, on trying the pumps we found that there were four feet water in the hold. The alarm of all on board increased, and I could perceive by the lengthened physiognomy of the captain, that he had never stood more in need of his philosophy than at that moment. He however still stormed at the sailors to urge them to exertion, and calmly quoted Seneca to satisfy himself of the vanity of life.

The sailors laboured night and day at the pumps to keep us afloat. We had been driven in this manner at the mercy of the waves for about a week, every day the leak increasing, but as the wind was favourable, and we constantly sailed in nearly the same direction, we still hoped to reach some haven in safety. On the tenth day when even the most sanguine began to despair, our drooping spirits were revived by the sight of land. The sea was running high, and we rapidly approached the coast, but our feelings of joy at the prospect of being rescued from a watery grave, were now changed to those of terror, for the helmsman had lost all controul over the ship, and there were breakers ahead, upon which she must inevitably strike and go to pieces. The captain foresaw the danger, and ordered the long boat to be got in readiness. He then awaited patiently the moment that should decide our fate. The interval was truly awful, and as I stood gazing on the coast now so near us, I felt that death in the midst of the dreary waste of waters would not have been so terrible as in the sight of the haunts of men and a place of safety. All were assembled on deck: we drew near to the spot where the furious waves were lashed into foam: every eye was fixed upon it, and each held his breath in dreadful suspense, as the wreck was borne aloft by the irresistable surf that was to dash it upon the pointed rocks indistinctly seen in the chasm beneath. The vessel struck, which was denoted by a shriek of terror. The long boat was hastily lowered and we got on board as speedily as practicable. The little captain even in this extremity displayed the influence of the precepts of Seneca and Boetheus on his mind; he was the last to leave the ship, though the fury of the waves threatened every moment to dash her to pieces. The boat pushed off from the wreck: it was well manned, and in a few minutes we were beyond the danger of the breakers. Our eyes were still turned towards the ship which was labouring to pass the shelving rock, when suddenly two figures appeared on board. Our hearts sunk within us, and each anxiously looked around to see if his friend were with us. A voice near me, scarcely articulate with grief, sobbed "O! my mother, my dear mother!" I turned and beheld Mrs. Campbell's child in the arms of the boatswain. Those left behind proved to be the maniac and the unhappy female, Mrs. Campbell. The captain ordered the boat to put back, and we endeavoured to approach the wreck, but in vain. The safety of those in the boat obliged us to desist, and with heavy hearts we turned round the prow towards the shore. The child continued to cry, "my mother, my dear mother, Oh! take me back to my mother," while the rough boatswain as he endeavoured to sooth her, mingled his tears with hers.

The figures on the wreck appeared unconcerned at their approaching fate. Mrs. Campbell was seen kneeling at the feet of the maniac, who stood in the attitude of devotion. He placed his hand on her head, and raised his eyes, as if asking forgiveness for her sins. He bent forward, and touched her forehead with his lips. She arose and fell upon his bosom. He gave her one agonized embrace; her slender form lay upon his left arm, and his right was raised towards heaven. The ship was thrown violently on the breakers, went to pieces, and the objects of our solicitude disappeared amid the waves.

We reached the shore in safety, and soon learnt that we were on the coast of Spain. We found shelter in the cottages of the peasants, and the succeeding day, as the sailors were searching the strand for whatever might be washed ashore from the wreck, they found the bodies of Mrs. Campbell and the maniac locked in each others embrace; and as death had united those who in life had been parted, we did not break the mortal bond, but consigned them to the same grave. The sorrow of the destitute orphan child touched the best feelings of the roughest seaman's heart, and the little Gascon lifted the mourner in his arms, as the earth was heaped on the mortal remains of her parents, and soothingly said, "Poor unfortunate, you shall never want while I have aught to give." He had a widowed sister at Havre, under whose protection he designed to place her. On inquiring how she had escaped from the wreck, the boatswain stated that a few moments before the vessel struck, the maniac had rushed upon deck, placed her in his arms, and conjured him to save her life.—He immediately disappeared in the bustle and confusion that prevailed. He had doubtless gone below, resolved to remain there and sink with the ship, as the actual ills of this life were to him more appalling than the untried sufferings of the life to come.

The Spanish peasants planted a rude cross over their grave to denote the spot where the shipwrecked strangers lie, and a wandering monk sanctified it and offered up an orison that their sleep might be undisturbed.

After their interment the physician informed us that he had some matters of interest to communicate, which had been related to him in confidence by the shipwrecked sailor, at a time when, as he said, he had abandoned all hopes of safety, and he wished to relieve his mind from the weight of secret guilt.

"I committed his relation to paper," said the physician, "as it fell from his lips, but can convey no idea of the impassioned strain in which it was delivered. His death exhonerates me from secrecy, for neither the dead nor the living will be wronged by what is contained in this paper." Saying which he handed me a scroll containing the following:

"Campbell was long my friend; my earliest and dearest friend; but for several years past we have been as bitter foes as ever walked the earth for each other's torment. His vengeful and hated image even now is before me; his dying groan rings through my brain, and his bloody corpse presents itself whichever way I turn as it appeared on that dreadful night when it was consigned to the waters. I see it now as when it rose upon the dark billow that bore it forever from the sight of all mankind—all but me! I loved him as a brother, but like a villain I wronged him. Yes, mine was the first breach of confidence; I inflicted the first injury, and now the accumulation of guilt and suffering rest on my devoted head. He loved the poor, guilty and broken hearted female who now survives him. She then was innocent, and I thought her rather a being of Heaven than of earth. He made his love known to me, but regardless of the voice of friendship and of honor, by the basest insinuations, I supplanted him in her affections. It matters not what arts I used; they were those of a demon, and proved but too successful. The unsuspecting innocent maid discarded him who deserved her, and placed her hopes on a wretch defiled with duplicity and baseness. We were married. Campbell disappeared and from that moment until we met on board this ship, I neither saw nor heard of him. I knew he was an enthusiast, but ill calculated to encounter the disappointments of this world, and I supposed that an early grave had closed over his sorrows. The thought, horrible as it was, allayed the poignancy of my feelings. My business necessarily drew me from home for months together. Campbell and my lost Louisa must have met during my absence, when my villainy became dimmed, and was seen by them, no doubt, in its blackest colours. If so, who can blame them if in a moment of frenzy they spurned aside the miscreant who stood between them and happiness. The immaculate and unspotted may condemn without a tear, but even I, though they have sunk me to the lowest depth of human wretchedness, cannot curse them.

"I pass over my life until the fatal time when I was brought on board of this ship. Oh! that I had undergone the most poignant sufferings that death can inflict before I had been rescued to perform the terrible deed I have done, and live in this agony! The spark of life was nearly extinct; I was insensible to what was passing around me, and when the ray of intellect broke on my darkened imagination, the first objects that presented themselves to my view, where Campbell and my wife! The shock had nearly accomplished the work that privation and the waves had left unfinished. The fatal truth rushed like a torrent on my mind; my bosom was rent with contending passions; my brain ached, and a veil of obscurity overclouded my reason. While lying in my hammock, I occasionally caught a glimpse of my innocent child whilst at play: my heart revolted from it, and I viewed it with the same abhorrence that I should a young viper. Once the feelings of a father came over me; the mother's guilt was forgotten; and I called the little innocent to me to receive her father's dying blessing. I called her by name: she raised her lovely face to ascertain from whence the sound proceeded—her mother's smile was on her lips, and that changed my blessing to a curse. I would at that moment have given the universe had she not resembled her guilty mother.

My shame and wreck of happiness now engrossed all my thoughts. Sleeping and waking, Campbell and my wife stood before me.—In vain I sought for rest; they still pursued me, and there was no fleeing from them. My mind, enfeebled by sickness, and anxiety, sunk beneath the conflict. I became deranged.—The night that Campbell received his death-wound you may remember I was seized with a raging fever. It imparted a preternatural strength to my exhausted frame: my mind was burning too with revenge;—images the most horrible presented themselves and goaded me to madness. I had a sailor's knife in my hammock, I seized it and arose. My tread was firm. I stifled a convulsive laugh, as my bloody intent came across my imagination. I stole softly to the gangway, and my heart throbbed audibly with a fiendish joy as I hurried upon deck. I paused for a moment, the raging of the storm was in unison with my feelings, and its coolness gave my frame new vigor. A flash of lightning showed me where my victim sat. I rushed upon him and uttered my name; he sank upon the deck beneath me, but soon regained his self possession. The struggle was in silence; we both felt that it was for life and vengeance, and I strained every nerve to hurl him into the sea; my strength was unequal to the task. The conflict now became desperate, and I was near being vanquished, when I drew the knife and buried it in his breast. He sunk at my feet; I see him now; I still hear the sound of his body as it fell upon the deck, and the shriek he gave as I stabbed him. Every sense and feeling is engrossed in these; I hear nought beside; see nothing but his bleeding form; it has pursued me until reason abandoned her station. I became a maniac, and the image was more distinct and terrible. I cannot fly from it; I feel it will pursue me until the shadows of death shut out the scenes of this life for ever; and then, Oh God! I fear that the impression is so indelibly fixed in my soul, that in the life to come I shall seek for rest in vain!"

Here ended the physician's manuscript. Having read it to the captain, he observed, that philosophy is a cure for most evils which Providence inflicts upon man, but it is of no avail in cases like the present, where the sufferer himself

one made, was carried by the fair hand of a lady, to light herself home from an evening party. The coaches in England are now lighted by gas.

St. Bride's clock in Fleet-street, London, was lighted on Saturday evening, 9th ult. A glass dial is placed in the circle intended for the clock, behind which a powerful gas conductor is fixed, and the rays of light being reflected on its face, show the points of time as distinctly as they are seen at St. Paul's at noon day.

According to a letter from Orenbourg in Russia, inserted in the Berlin Journals, the scientific and intrepid English traveller Moorcroft, who made so many interesting discoveries in Thibet and Upper India, has been assassinated upon the road from Bukhara to Balk.

Bell's (London) Weekly Messenger, of the 30th ult. remarks:—

"If emigration is to take place from this country, we decidedly object to Canada. A Canadian soon becomes an American; eventually he must be one; Canada never was, and never will be worth keeping.

Between five and six o'clock on Sunday evening, the three story brick Cabinet Maker's Shop occupied by Mr. Otto James, and owned by Mr. Joseph T. M'Mullin, back of his range of brick buildings, situated on the west side of Fourth street, between Library and Walnut streets, was discovered to be on fire. The alarm being quickly spread, the neighborhood was soon surrounded by the Hose Carriages and Engines of our vigilant Fire Men, who acted with such promptitude, vigour and discretion that they saved all the adjoining buildings from injury, although the shop was located in a narrow court, leading into Walnut street, and very difficult of access by the fire apparatus. The whole of the shop, and all the tools, unfinished work, and materials contained therein, were destroyed.

In an advertisement in the Philadelphia Gazette, Mr. Snyder, residing in Second street, states that he is prepared to construct an Automaton Chess Player, Trumpeter and Rope Dancers, for any one who may desire to possess these ingenious pieces of mechanism. The chess player will be different from that now exhibiting by Mr. Maelzel, which is the same as that of Mr. De Kemplin, of Vienna, which Mr. Snyder says he saw in 1778, and 1782. The Editor of the Gazette says; Mr. Snyder has been in this country about thirty-five years, but previous to his removal here he made an automaton which so astonished the monks and magistrates of a town in the interior of Europe, that he fell under suspicion of dealing in the black art, which suspicion it required many explanations to remove.

One of the Union Line of Coaches, between New York and this city, was upset on Sunday evening in the town of Bristol, opposite the Cross Keys' Tavern, and all the passengers inside except one, were more or less injured; some very badly. This accident happened in consequence of a large pile of dirt or mud being thrown in the middle of the street on Saturday; and no light placed by to warn travellers of the danger.

James Fleming who stood indicted in Chester, Delaware county, for the murder of Patrick Gill, was tried last week and acquitted. The prosecution was conducted by Edward Darlington, Esq. of Chester, and Samuel Rush, Esq. of Philadelphia. The defence by James C. Biddle and John Cadwalader, Esquires, of Philadelphia.

In the course of one hour, the citizens of Northumberland raised by subscription, thirty-five thousand dollars; besides a sum sufficient for fitting up the college for the meeting of both branches of the state legislature at its next session, should it be determined to remove to that place. The Miltonian says, that about 80,000 dollars would be subscribed to defray the expenses of the public buildings.

Number of vessels, with the tonnage, built at the port of Philadelphia during the year 1826:

6 Ships,	3363 38-95	Tons.
9 Brigs,	1817 83-95	
14 Schooners,	674 51-95	
18 Sloops,	417 56-95	
4 Steamboats,	905 15 95	
51 Vessels.	7178 53-95	Tons.

REVOLT IN TEXAS.

The Alexandria (Louisiana) Messenger of December 22, contains the following paragraph:

"Col. Butler arrived in town two or three days since and brought the intelligence that the province of Texas had taken up arms to free itself from the Mexican Republic. If such a thing is not now in progress, the day is not distant when it will take place. Those who emigrate to that country are uniform in expressing their determination, as the provincials do, to make a stand, and set up for themselves, whenever they feel strong enough to resist the parent government. Knowing these things, and the disturbances and want of government in the province, we think there is every probability that the report is true.

The Liverpool Chronicle states that Charles Lucien Bonaparte, who sailed from New York in the packet ship Canada, presented Captain Rogers with a beautiful gold ring, containing a miniature likeness of Napoleon, painted by the celebrated Isabel. It is said to be a superb article, and an admirable likeness of the late emperor.

During the late high tide on the 1st instant, a store belonging to the Messrs. Galtries, of Frankfort, Maine, took fire by the tide coming in contact with lime, stored in the lower story of the building, and was completely destroyed, together with merchandize to the amount of 7000 or 8000 dollars.

Mr. William Fletcher, of Perquimans, N. C. was lost in the schooner Perquimans, at sea, recently. His will has just been opened, which provides that his slaves, 12 in number, shall, after the ensuing year, be emancipated; during which time they are to be hired out, for the purpose of raising funds to defray the expenses of sending them to Hayti or Liberia, whichever they may choose.

FIRE AT ALEXANDRIA.

On Thursday of last week, about 9 o'clock, A. M. a fire broke out in Alexandria, D. C. which threatened general destruction. The weather was excessively cold—(the thermometer at 13)—it raged for five hours, fanned by a brisk north-west wind; and, at last, was subdued after destroying about forty houses, besides back-buildings, and other property, on the whole valued at $200,000. It is thought that a thousand persons from Washington—with the marine corps and persons attached to the navy yard, proceeded with their apparatus, the whole at an average distance of seven miles, to assist in subduing the devouring element; and it appears that the apparatus they took with them chiefly afforded the means of arresting the progress of the flames. The efficiency of shingle roofs to spread a fire, and of hose to prevent its spreading, is said to have been clearly demonstrated on this awful occasion.

Congress immediately on the receipt of intelligence of the awful destruction of property that had taken place, voted 20,000 dollars to assist in relieving the sufferers. The National Journal estimates the number of Houses burnt at Alexandria at from 80 to 90.

The Montreal Herald states, that a few days since a gentleman of Three Rivers, skated from that town to Berthier, a distance of forty-five miles, in five hours. It is added that on the 27th of January 1824, Mr. Arilly Hart, son of Moses Hart, Esq. of Three Rivers, skated the same distance in four hours and forty-three minutes.

The Providence Journal states, upon verbal authority, that all the criminals in Washington county, Rhode Island, jail made their escape on Monday night last. Among them was the black boy whose sentence of death for burglary, was commuted for five years imprisonment, and also Palmer Hines, whose ears the general assembly of Rhode Island, insisted upon having cut off about a year ago.

A late traveller in Florida represents it as a country of wonderful fertility, as it produces forty bushels of *frogs* to the acre, and *alligators* enough to serve all the purposes of fencing.

A Grey Eagle was shot by a sportsman on Mason's Island at the mouth of Mystick river, near Stonington, (Con.) last week. He was fired at three times before he yielded; and on being brought to the ground, it was discovered that he had a steel trap attached to one of his toes, which had probably been in that situation for a considerable length of time, as the toe below where the trap held was dead. The Eagle measured about eight feet from the tip of one wing to that of the other.

A very singular and affecting incident occurred in one of the legislative houses of North Carolina a few days ago. John Stanley, Esq. speaker of the house of commons, a gentleman well remembered as an able member of congress several years ago, and one of the most distinguished citizens of his native state, while in the discharge of the duties of the chair, and in the enjoyment of health, was suddenly prostrated by a paralytic affection, which deprived him of the power of speech or motion. He was carried to his lodgings, where he still lies, incapable of moving. General James Iredell was appointed speaker of the house, protempore.

SOMETHING NEW.

Notwithstanding the icy embrace of winter (says the Bedford Co. Pa. Republican,) which is congealing all around us, and the cold fleecy garment is wide spread—little Cupid, with ne'er a blanket, is playing the most antic tricks upon his pretty game. Last week a young Mr. and Miss, of Wyalusing township, having each received a wound from 'the little archer,' without dangerous delay applied to a justice for a receipt. For some reason this antidote was denied them; but not to be foiled in this manner, they resolved upon an expedient which is directly opposed to the interest of the Esquire—this is, to marry themselves; they each recited the marriage contract, and assented to its vows in the presence of many witnesses. It was pronounced a fair bargain, and they are determined to abide by it.

The male Creoles of Jamaica have been long celebrated as expert swimmers and divers, but we were not before apprized that the females also are adepts in the art, as will appear in the following paragraph, from a Kingston paper of the 24th ultimo:

A melancholy accident happened at Black river, lately. A lad of colour had gone into the river to bathe, (which was coming rapidly down, occasioned by the late heavy and continued rains,) and was observed to be in danger, when his mother Miss Mary Cole, plunged into the water, and in the attempt to save her son, she lost her life. A Coroner's Inquest was held on the body on Sunday, when a verdict was returned, "that the deceased was accidentally drowned in the Black River in attempting to save the life of her son, who was in danger of drowning at that time." The life of the young man, Mr. Jacob Vaz, was preserved by the praiseworthy exertions of Mr. John B. Wells, and his servant a young negro man named Sam Wood. The rapidity of the current prevented the possibility of saving Miss Cole, although she was known to be a good swimmer. Several persons were very active in their attempts to help the deceased. She was an old inhabitant, and much respected. There have been 6 persons drowned in this parish during the present month.

From the New York Enquirer.

ADVERTISING FOR A HUSBAND.

A lady advertises in Saturday's American for a husband. Her account of herself, is somewhat contradictory. She says she has no pretensions to beauty, yet admits that her person is not "badly proportioned," and she has "black eyes, full cheeks, regular features, and pretty teeth." If these requisites are not "pretensions to beauty," then we know nothing about Cupid and Venus, that's all. She has had "a pretty good education," a good temper, pertinacity of judgment, and no fortune. She wants a man of good sense, good temper, generous feelings and honorable principles. She wants too much, that's certain. Looking over the Hampshire Gazette, we saw an account of a farmer's wife who brings daily from pasture 24 cows, which she milks herself, makes the cheese and butter for the dairy, and does the cooking and washing for the family besides. Here is a woman, a fortune in herself, and one who doubtless got a husband without advertising. We beg pardon of our young ladies for talking about such rustic obsolete things as milking cows, and making cheese; but they once were good things in their way; but that's a long time ago."

PRICES CURRENT.

Grain, Wheat, bushel,	115 a 122
Rye,	80 a 85
Corn,	60 a 63
do. South,	58 a 60
Barley,	120 a 122
Oats,	44 a 47
Flour, Wheat, S. F. bll.	5 87 1-2 a 6 00
Rye,	4 1-4 a 4 1-2
Corn Meal, bbl.	16 a —
bbl.	3 a 3 1-8
Hams, Jersey and others,	10 a 11
Feathers,	35 a 36
Fish, Mackarel, No. 1,	5 75 a —
No. 2,	4 75 a —
No. 3,	3 75 a —
Herrings, bll.	2 75 a —
Shad,	6 a 9
Pork, Jersey, Mess.	8 a 12
Penn.	8 a 12
Cheese,	8 a 10
Salt, Liverpool fine, bush.	47 a —
do. Ground,	47 a 48
Turks Island,	55 a —
St. Ubes,	50 a —
Lisbon,	50 a —
Whiskey, hhds. Rye	30 a 31
—— bbls	31 a 32
Oil, Winter, Sperm,	75 a 80
Summer, do.	70 a 72
Common, do.	33 a 35
Lard, do.	8 a 10
Linseed, do.	65 a 70
Plaister of Paris, per ton,	3 1 a 4 25

ST. CECILIA SOCIETY.

A general attendance of the Faculty is requested on Monday Evening next, the 29th inst. at the Masonic Hall, for the purpose of making the necessary arrangements for the next Concerts. Mr. Hamer, having returned to the city, the instrumental rehearsals will be resumed on Tuesday evening. BENJ. W. CLARK, Sec'y.

EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 27, 1827.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

Lines from "Ellen,"—Several numbers of "the Selector"—"A Dream of Heaven," Selim—An Essay from "Y. O."—"Original Tale" from a Student—The Selections of "Procurator,"— "Now rest thee here my Gondolier," No: o—"To a Whale," Cora—"The Farmer, No. 1."—"The Battle," Robert—and "R."—are received.

The obituary notice of an excellent and pious female, Mrs. A. W. has been crowded out of our columns.

The Enigmas from "Decius," are welcome.

"The Volunteer," from our friend Alcanzon is deferred for a week.

We have copied into our columns to-day, from a cotemporary journal, "The Prize Essay," by Richard Penn Smith, entitled "The Sea Voyage," which was appraised the award of a *Gold Medal* valued at fifty dollars. It will well repay the reader for its length.

We wish in this notice merely to testify again to the liberality of the Ladies of Philadelphia; this has never been questioned we know, but the fact which we cite, is so gratifying, we cannot deny ourselves the pleasure of making it known. We propose, as has already been stated, to publish in a few weeks, the Metrical Compositions of an esteemed and valuable female correspondent. In almost every instance where they have been waited on for that purpose, the Ladies have unhesitatingly tendered their own patronage to the work, and made liberal proffers to obtain for it an extensive subscription, and all without solicitation. This trait in the character of the Females of this city carries its own commendation, and deserves the highest panegyrics. We expect gentlemen favourable to polite literature, will find gallantry enough in their dispositions to follow the example set them by the Ladies, and thus assist us in promoting, in the most suitable and efficient manner, the interests of a deserving and talented individual.—Subscriptions are received at the principal book-stores, and at this office.

Our readers in part have been made acquainted with the Prospectus of a new Journal of Literature and News, to be published in this city. Those who have not are referred to it in our fourth page. It may be well also, to say, that a flattering prospect is held out of its ultimate success, and we hope to see it fulfilled, particularly as it is expressed that the work will be edited by Dr. M'Henry, who has been long known as the able conductor of the late American Monthly Magazine. Editors of papers throughout the country, will confer a favour which will be reciprocated, by giving the Proposals two or three insertions.

LITERARY NOTICES.

Messrs. Carey & Lea, proprietors of that popular and beautiful work, the ATLANTIC SOUVENIR, wish it to be generally known, that all literary contributions should be sent to them for the editor, by the beginning of April, in order to enable them to publish each number in due form and season. The work is open to literary competition in any quarter; and a liberal compensation in money will be paid for all the articles that shall be inserted.

Messrs. True & Greene, of Boston, have commenced the publication of a weekly literary paper, entitled the *Lyceum*. It is edited by Mr. Frederic S. Hill.

Mrs. Royal is preparing for the press, a Novel to be entitled "The Tennessean."

REMOVAL OF THE SEAT OF GOVERNMENT.

Before this paper meets the eyes of our readers, it is not unlikely that the question *now* in agitation at Harrisburg, relative to a removal of the seat of Government, will be settled, and perhaps against our own wishes; but as we really believe that the interests of the State, in the convenience and instruction of its Legislators, will ultimately require such a measure, it may not be amiss to make a few observations in reference thereto.

If the political Capital of the State must be a village, we see no reason why any other than Harrisburg should be chosen. The Capitol, an elegant one, [a view of which will be given in the next "Casket,"] is already erected there and pleasantly located. It is probabe that the means of subsistence also may be procured in that neighbourhood with as much facility as any other town of the same size—the question then is between a country town and the commercial capital of the State. Philadelphia receives, almost every hour, intelligence from different portions of the Union, which may have a direct and important bearing upon the business of Legislation. We may say, without the imputation of improper vanity that Philadelphia is the centre and the seat of the great mass of the science of the State.

Here are the scientific associations, the Literary companies, the extensive Libraries, &c. which no circumstances are ever likely to equal in any interior town, claiming advantages from its central location. A large city too, presents advantages to the legislators for acquainting themselves with the wants, as well as with the persons and characters of a great portion of their constituents; for not only will they find in such a place a vast accumulation of inhabitants, but the ordinary operations of trade will also bring from every quarter of the state great numbers of their fellow citizens, and chosen as our representatives are, from *districts*, rather than townships, it is not unfrequent that the Representative forms his acquaintance with some of his best constituents in the transactions of similar business in the city.

The arguments frequently urged against sea ports as places for legislation, were founded upon the fact that they were, in case of war, liable to invasion, and exposed from the chance of approach to the immediate attack of an enemy; but, however these arguments may apply to some commercial places, they can scarcely be used in the present argument with reference to Philadelphia. Our would be marched to any other place of legislation as to this—and especially does he distance from the sea coast renders it improbable that an army landed below the city chance diminish, when it is considered that our population is so numerous as to form of itself, a sufficient defence against any ordinary, or extraordinary attack.

Another argument against a city or a dense population as the seat of State government, is derived from the asserted fact, that it is more exposed to contagious and epidemic diseases than interior towns. This may, in the Southern states, be the fact, especially on the seaboard—but in this state especially, we believe it will be difficult to find a more healthy position than the centre of the population of Philadelphia. In reference to health, it may be generally observed that the arguments drawn therefrom are of but little consequence as the season of the year in which the Legislature is ordinarily assembled prevents any fears on account of diseases of any ordinary kind.

The only argument then that applies with any force in reference to this question, is that founded on the central situation of the present seat, or any other in its vicinity.—This, however, can scarcely be used as an argument by individuals, as the distance which they travel to the seat of legislation, is paid by the state, as well as the time occupied, so that no personal inconvenience would be experienced on that score; and as it regards the public expenditures, it may be said that what is lost by extending the distance of travelling for the Western members, is nearly saved by shortening that of the Eastern.

But populous cities are naturally the seats of knowledge, and especially is Philadelphia, in reference to our own state; and the advantages resulting to the state from its representatives associating with a portion of our citizens who do not share in the business of politics, would be immediately felt—not only in the chamber of legislation, but also in the social and domestic circle.—These advantages are so important, and apparently evident, that except in a single instance of local feelings, we may express astonishment that any member should not acknowledge and act from them.

It is found that most of the western members visit the city either during the session of the Legislature, or immediately on its rising, so that the convenience of individuals is certainly consulted by a removal.

It is often a subject of regret among the active members of the various literary and scientific societies in this city, that gentlemen resident in the interior counties, are as foreign from their active proceedings as if they lived in Europe, and thus a great proportion of the advantages to be derived from these associations, is entirely lost, there being more to diffuse the discoveries, and thus disseminate the benefits of their labours.

It is likewise certain, that while the members of the Legislature can be much more agreeably accommodated in Philadelphia than in any interior town, they can also have these comforts and accommodations at a much cheaper rate. It was not unaptly remarked by a country editor, in reference to this same subject, that the proprietors of public houses in any small place where the Legislature might assemble, would be compelled to charge enough for the board of members for three months, to compensate themselves for nine months waiting business.

The Drama.

Philadelphia, Jan. 20th.—*Hamlet* and *Where Shall I Dine*; Hamlet Mr. Macready.

Monday, Jan. 22.—*Macbeth* and *Is he Jealous?* "Macbeth" Mr. Macready; he fully maintained that excellence displayed by him in his personation of the same character a few evenings since. His manner of entering Duncan's Chamber is admirable and peculiarly his own. In the 5th act he surpasses any actor we have ever seen. Hatred succeeded by fear was never more forcibly portrayed than by Mr. Macready in his interview with "Macduff" in the last scene. His dying scene was also very fine, as we have before observed; we know of no performer who so completely understands stage effect. The Farce went off well; Mr. Wemyss is perfectly at home in such characters as "Belmour."

Tuesday, Jan. 23d.—*Venice Preserved* and *Modern Antiques*, or the *Merry Mourners*. "Pierre" Mr. Macready; he sustained the character in a very spirited style; it was unquestionably one of his best performances. Mr. Wood, as "Jaffier," was we thought rather tame; and not dressed very appropriately. Mrs. Wood, as she always is, was excellent. The poetry of this tragedy is certainly to be admired; but a fever-laced tea or like "Pierre," or such a despicable coward as "Jaffier," are personages not to be looked at with much pleasure. The *Merry Mourners* must assuredly find a merry audience; every thing looked cheerful but the lamps, they poor souls looked *desperate mournful*.

Wednesday, Jan. 24th.—*Coriolanus* and *Catharine and Petruchio*; "Coriolanus" and "Petruchio" Mr. Macready, for his Benefit. The house was crowded in every part; on no occasion this season has there been so brilliant an assemblage of beauty and fashion. His "Coriolanus" was a master piece of acting. At the conclusion of the performances Mr. Macready came forward, and "after the fashion" of the day, returned thanks for a liberal patronage and "all that sort of thing," in a neat and appropriate speech, in which he stated, by an arrangement with Mr. Warren, he would have the pleasure of again appearing before a Philadelphia audience before leaving our "happy country," when several plays of the "great poet" would be revived.

Thursday, Jan. 25th.—*Stranger*, and *The Lady and the Devil*, a very thin house.

Friday, Jan. 26th.—*Richard the Third* and *The Old Maid*; "Richard," Mr. Booth. It is with no common pleasure we hail the return of this gentleman to our boards after an absence of two years—he has heretofore, and we fear now, come amongst us at the most inauspicious time he could have selected—we, however, confidently hope that the citizens of Philadelphia will not be backward in bestowing upon him a reasonable share of that patronage so bountifully lavished upon the stars that have preceded him, and to whom his genius and talents entitle him; for they are certainly of the first order—we may safely say, equal to those of any actor in the country.

New York.—The Drama of *Brian Boroihme*, was produced with great splendour at the Chatham Garden Theatre, on Monday evening. It is written by Mr. Knowles, author of "Virginius," "William Tell," &c. "It is founded, we understand, on an event memorable in Irish history—namely, the battle of Clontarf, when Erin's sons, led by their old yet heroic Monarch, drove the barbarian Danish host into the sea, and banished the savage foe from their favoured shores, crowning their deeds by victory and glory—hallowing their land of song—giving Irish scenery to poesy—consecrating the memory of the brave, and spreading fame, like gems, o'er all the sweet land of the west. We, for our own parts, (says the Enquirer,) are glad to perceive that Ireland is at last chosen as the scene of a drama, wherein something of more moment than mere laugh, whim and fun are objects. We hear of Irish wit, Irish hospitality, and Irish valour; (never yet doubted;) but why all the strong, high, and noble qualities of the *Emerald Isle* should not, combined, be made the theme, and exhibited before us on the stage, we know not. We have been charmed with tales of "Fair Albion," and "the land of the north"—and now shall be happy to hail a story of "Green Erin"—particularly as it is told by a hand of no common power."

A benefit was given at the Bowery Theatre, on Wednesday evening, to the New York fire department. This department, in addition to its services in extinguishing fires, also relieves the necessities of the distressed; the families of sick and deceased firemen are partially supported by the funds of this institution; their children educated, and the most necessary clothing provided for them. Their treasury has lately suffered a loss of 2500 dollars in consequence of the failure of some of the monied institutions of that city.

Mr. E. Forrest has returned from Albany, and was to appear as "Rolla," on Thursday evening, at the Bowery.

The *Signorina*, made her third appearance on Tuesday, as "Rosetta" in *Love in a Village*. Her benefit and last appearance takes place on Monday evening.

Mrs. Knight took her benefit, and last appearance prior to her visiting Philadelphia, at the Park, on Thursday evening. She was assisted by Mr. Conway, as "*Henry Quatre*."

Mrs. Barry is to make her first appearance in America, as "Juliet;" "Romeo" Mr. Conway.

The New York Advocate states that the theatres begin to fall off considerably. It is only very celebrated performers that brings full houses. In England great depression prevails in theatrical business. In Paris nearly all the theatres are on the losing side; and in the provinces, the actors frequently play to empty benches.

Mr. Anderson performed *Damon* at the Cincinnati (Ohio) Theatre, on the 10th inst. The whole performance is spoken of in the highest terms in a Cincinnati paper.

Mr. Hamblin, the tragedian, arrived at Charleston, S. C. on the 15th inst.

The Circus under the management of Mr. Blyth, opened at Savannah on the 13th instant. The exhibition of Monsieur & Madame Robert, which is of a character entirely novel in that city proved highly pleasing.

The Circus in Washington City was opened on Monday last, by a part of the late Philadelphia company.

Few men (says a New Orleans paper,) have been more conspicuous, or rather notorious, than Edmund Kean.—He is, undoubtedly, a man of talents, and as an actor stands in the very first rank. But he appears to be as distinguished for want of moral principle and for a total disregard of the good opinion of society as for ability and merit in his profession. After having made a positive and unconditional engagement with Mr. Caldwell to be in New Orleans in March next, after having repeated his positive assurance that no proposals, however flattering, should induce him to break his engagement, he has sailed for Europe, without even offering an apology or suggesting a reason for his faithless violation of a deliberate contract. Mr. Caldwell has, very properly, published his letters, and given him the character such conduct deserves. In March last he wrote, that he should be "very happy (agreeing upon terms) to pass a portion of the ensuing winter in the western states." Mr. Caldwell in reply told him to *make his own terms*, adding "I will agree to them at once. In May last he stated by his agent, that he would be at New Orleans as early in March as he possibly could, and in June he said he "should leave New York for New Orleans late in January"—adding, "in March I trust to make my bow to a public, who always have claims upon my feelings by the flattering terms of their invitation." In September he says "I again assure you I shall be at New Orleans by the 1st of March, wind and weather permitting," and adds "in consequence of my engagement with you, I have resisted the proposals of 100*l.* per night from the theatre Royal Drury Lane, Covent Garden, and Dublin." Yet, after all these assurances and re-assurances, he has broken his engagement and gone to Europe, at the very time he should have been making his arrangement to proceed to New Orleans. This seems to be in keeping with the general character and ordinary conduct of Mr. Kean, and he deserves to lose all the patronage which his talents as an actor have commonly secured to him.

Mr. Macready, the tragedian, we learn, is sitting to Mr. Neagle for a characteristic portrait in the part of *Macbeth*, which will, at an early period be engraved and presented to the public in Wemyss' American Acting Theatre. This publication is deserving a larger share of public attention and favour than it receives. The plates alone which are given along with every number is worth double the price which is asked for a subscription to the work.

DARBY'S GAZETTEER.

Another column contains an advertisement concerning this valuable Text Book, which will be found worthy the attention of the public. It contains near 600 closely printed royal octavo pages; and as a book of reference, we doubt not, will be found superior to Brooke's, or any other Gazetteer extant.

Captain Symmes has returned to this city, from New York, and intends giving a Lecture on Monday evening.

MARRIED,

On Saturday, the 20th inst. by the Rev. J. J. Janeway, D. D. Mr. JOHN HENDERSON, of Louisville, Ky. to the amiable Miss SARAH CROY, of this city.

On Thursday evening, the 18th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Morse, Mr. GEORGE HOFFNER, to Miss SUSANNA BLACKFORD, both of this city.

On Sunday, the 14th inst. by the Rev. F. Harman, Mr. JOHN SNYDER, of Philadelphia, to Miss CATHARINA SIBLES, of Pottsgrove.

On Wednesday, the 24th inst. by the Rev. J. Sisty, Mr. DANIEL FORTINER, to Miss ANN THACKARA, both of Haddonfield, (N. J.)

On Tuesday morning, the 16th inst. by the Rev. Dr. Ely, Mr. WILLIAM WORRELL, to Miss ELIZABETH B. COX, daughter of the late John Cox, all of this city.

On the 25th inst. by Elder Frederick Plummer, Mr. JOHN J. KITTS, to Miss MARIA S. HELMS, both of Delaware county.

On Sunday evening last, by the Rev. M. B. Roche, Mr. JOHN WILLIAMS, to Miss JANE DAVIS.

On Saturday evening, the 6th inst. by the Rev. William F. Ashton, Mr. GODFREY G. FOLWELL, of N. York, to the amiable Miss SARAH DORMAN, of Philadelphia.

DIED,

On Friday morning, after a lingering illness, JACOB A. RAYBOLD, son of Joshua Raybold, Esq.

On Tuesday morning, after a lingering illness, JOSEPH H. LAWRENCE, aged 32 years.

On Friday morning, Mrs. RACHEL HARRISON, consort of John Harrison, deceased, in the 75th year of her age.

On the 18th inst. in the 62d year of his age, Mr. JOHN T. FELL.

On Saturday, the 20th inst. in the 53d year of her age, MARY, wife of Robert Wilson.

On Saturday evening, Mrs. ELIZABETH, wife of Wilmam Maughn, Printer.

On Saturday, the 20th inst. after a few days illness, in the 56th year of her age, Mrs. ANN MARIA SINGER, wife of Mr. John Singer, Sen.

On the 19th inst. JOSHUA J. and on the 20th inst. ELIZA, son and daughter of Shadrach Taylor.

On Monday, the 22d inst. after a lingering illness, Mrs. AMY MENDENHALL, aged 57 years, wife of Mr. Philip Mendenhall, and daughter of the late Benjamin Taylor.

On Sunday evening last, Mrs. ELIZA STEWART, wife of Mr. William Stewart, and daughter of James Philips.

On Sunday evening, the 21st inst. after a short illness, Mrs. ANN P. SMITH, wife of Dockeray Smith, aged 30 years.

On the evening of the 5th inst. in the 87th year of her age, Mrs. ELEANOR KEEN, (of the Northern Liberties) relict of the late Jacob Keen.

On the 22d inst. after a short illness, Mrs. OLIVIA A. BADGER, aged 38 years, wife of Samuel Badger, Esq. and daughter of Mr. Joel Root, New Haven, Connecticut.

On Wednesday morning, suddenly, Mrs. ELEANOR SNARE, wife of Mr. William Snare, aged about 67 years.

On Wednesday morning, after a short but severe illness, which she endured with christian fortitude, Miss MARY SMITH.

On Sunday, the 21st inst. at Reading, Penn. Mrs. ELIZABETH STALL, late of this city, in the 76th year of her age.

On the 19th inst. at Baltimore, in the 35th year of his age, Mr. ADAM STEEVER, a native of Philadelphia, and for many years a resident at Baltimore.

On the 9th inst. at Northumberland, Pa. after a short illness, Mr. WILLIAM SHIPPEN, Hatter, of Philadelphia, aged about 55 years.

On the 4th inst. at Butter Nuts, Otsego county, State of New York, Mrs. MARY MORRIS, wife of General Jacob Morris.

On the 24th inst. at Mantuaville, JESSE KERSEY, Jr. aged 22 years and 3 days.

Deaths during the past week.

	Adults.	Children.	Total
Philadelphia,	33	28	61
New-York,	42	36	78

A CARD.

DOCTOR EDWIN A. ATLEE, induced by the frequent enquiries of respectable individuals, relative to the Doctrines of the New Jerusalem Church, and willing to afford all the information in his feeble power, thus invites a few of the poor and intelligent, who may be desirous and at liberty, to meet regularly at "his own hired house" No. 164 North Fifth Street, every First-day (Sunday) evening, at 7 o'clock, for the purpose of reading, explaining, and calmly reflecting on, those Doctrines, drawn from, and illustrative of the Holy Scriptures.

No exception on account of religious persuasion is intended.

The attention of the benevolent is respectfully solicited to the case of a worthy and industrious man, whose little family is suffering from want, in consequence of his protracted illness and misfortunes.—Further information will be given, or contributions received at the Office of the Saturday Evening Post.

NOTICE.—A Funeral Discourse on the Death of *Mrs. Ann Wood*, will be delivered to-morrow evening in the Commissioner's Hall, Southwark, at half past 6 o'clock.

THEATRE.

Mr. Booth's Second Night.

THIS EVENING, Jan. 27,

Will be presented the celebrated Play of the

IRON CHEST,

OR, HONOR'S VICTIM.

Sir Edward Mortimer,	Mr. Booth
Fitzharding,	Mr. Warren
Sampson,	Mr. Jefferson
Orson,	Mr. Jefferson, Jr.
Helen,	Mrs. Darley
Blanche,	Mrs. Anderson

After which, a Comic Farce, in one act, called

THE GHOST;

Or, the Affrighted Farmer.

Roger, the Farmer,	Mr. Jefferson
Clinch,	Mr. Jefferson, Jr.
Dorothy,	Mrs. Francis.

The public are respectfully informed that Mrs. KNIGHT, from the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, is engaged for a few nights, and will make her first appearance in *Florella* in the *Cabinet*, on Monday next.

WASHINGTON
BIRTH NIGHT BALL.

Mr. LADBE takes this early opportunity of acquainting his friends and the public in general, that his subscription book is open for subscribers. Gentlemen wishing to avail themselves of the pleasures of that evening, are particularly requested to call as soon as possible, as none but subscribers will be admitted on that night. Each subscriber will be entitled to two ladies' tickets.

Jan. 27—3t

WATTS & RIPPON.

DAVID CLARK, respectfully informs the public that he is publishing a second edition of that valuable Hymn Book published by Messrs. Anderson & Meehan, in the year 1820, containing in one volume the Psalms and Hymns of Dr. Watts, as arranged by Dr. Rippon's Selection. Two hundred pages of the work are already stereotyped. The propriety of including both these works in one volume will appear, when it is considered that Dr. Rippon originally designed his Selection to be an appendix to the Psalms and Hymns of Dr. Watts. As to form, the second edition will differ from the first, in being printed with large type, and on a larger page. As to matter, no alteration whatever will be made, either in the Hymns or their arrangement, but into the Indexes of the work a valuable improvement will be introduced.

In the first edition there was distinct sets of Indexes of first lines of Scriptures and of subjects for the two parts of the work. In the present edition the Indexes of the Selection will, without any omission, be incorporated with those of the arrangement, so as to have one complete set of Indexes for the whole volume.

CONDITIONS.

The work will be embellished with a vignette title, and portraits of Watts and Rippon.

1. The above work will be printed on fine paper, from new Stereotype plates.

2. It will be handsomely and strongly bound in Sheep.

3. The price to Subscribers will be One Dollar per copy.

4. Persons who obtain Eight Subscribers and become responsible for the payment, shall be entitled to the ninth copy gratis.

5. To booksellers and persons obtaining a large number of subscribers, a liberal discount will be made.

No. 118 North Fourth street, Philadelphia.

*** The Editors of the Columbian Star, Washington Telegraph and Baltimore Patriot, will please insert this advertisement for one week, and forward their bills to the editor of this paper. jan. 27—1t

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TO TEACHERS.

THE Trustees of Lower Merion Academy, are desirous of renting the establishment, to a person well qualified to conduct a Boarding School. The situation is very pleasant, and in a neighbourhood of good society. It is near the "Old Lancaster Road," five miles and a half from Philadelphia. The Building is spacious and convenient: there are two large school rooms, (one on the second, the other on the third story,) each 33 by 20 feet, furnished with suitable desks, and other appurtenances. There is also under the same roof, ample room for a family, and the accommodation of boarders. An excellent garden, about six acres of good land, a small tenant house, barn and spring-house, may, if desired, be had with the above. The whole will be put at a very reasonable rent—and it is believed the advantages of the situation will render it an object worthy of attention.

For further information apply to either of the subscribers, or to John Allen, the present Preceptor of the Institution.

DAVID ROBERTS
PAUL JONES
ISAAC W. ROBERTS
JOHN LEVERING
} Trustees.

Lower Merion, Montgomery county, Jan. 27, 1827—3t*

ANOTHER CAPITAL!!!

25, 33, 43,

ONE thousand dollars, at Levy's Lottery and Exchange Office, No. 89 Chesnut street, next door below Third. Jan. 27—tf

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WISTAR'S
COUGH LOZENGES,

FOR the cure of Colds, Coughs, Asthmas, &c. prepared from the receipt of the late Professor Wistar.

Peppermint, Colts-foot, and Tolu Lozenges. Gum Pectoral, with a variety of Medicines, suitable for Coughs, Colds, &c. constantly for sale at

WILLIAM BIDDLE'S

Drug and Chemical Store, 142 Market st. Philadelphia

Where may be had a general assortment of fresh Drugs and Medicines. Jan. 27—3t

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WASHINGTON CITY LOTTERY,

FIRST class, new series—60 numbers, 9 drawn ballots. To be drawn on the 28th Feb. 1827.

Scheme:—1 prize of $30,000; 1 do. 5,000; 1 do. 2,945, 10 do. 1,000; 20 do. 500; 20 do. 400; 31 do. 100; 102 do. 50; 102 do. 30; 1632 do. 10; 11,479 do. 5—13,325 prizes—34,325 blanks—34,200 tickets.

Whole tickets $5, Halves 2 50, Quarters 1 25, Eighths 62 1-2 cts. For capital prizes in the above lottery, apply at

P. I. DECHER'S,

Lottery and Exchange Office, N. W. corner of Third and Chesnut streets.

P. S. Orders from the country promptly attended to, as if on personal application. jan. 27—tf

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10,000 DOLLARS.

ROBERTSON & LITTLE have the pleasure to inform the public and their friends, that the Capital Prize of $10,000 in the 26th class, Union Canal Lottery, was sold by them to a gentleman, in a whole Ticket, and which was the highest prize sold in Philadelphia.—They would invite attention to the Rich Scheme, in which they have a most superior assortment of Tickets, Halves, Quarters and Eighths, which they will be happy to serve out to their Customers, and those who want prizes in particular, on the most reasonable terms.

☞ By authority of Congress, WASHINGTON CITY LOTTERY, first class, Yates and M'Intyre, Managers, to be drawn on the 28th of February, 1827, 60 number Lottery by Combination, 9 drawn ballots.

CAPITAL PRIZE $30,000.

Whole Tickets $5; Halves 2 50; Quarters 1 25; Eighths 62 1-2 cents. For sale at

ROBERTSON & LITTLE'S

Lottery Offices, No. 45 S. Third street, Philadelphia, and No. 29 Market street, Wilmington, (Del.)

*** Orders promptly attended to.

Cash always advanced for prizes on demand, &c.

Jan. 27—1t

DARBY'S
UNIVERSAL GAZETTEER.

JUST published by BENNETT & WALTON, No. 37, Market street, Philadelphia, DARBY'S UNIVERSAL GAZET

Variety's the very spice of life,
That gives it all its flavour.

AFFECTION.

HER SMILE AND HER TEAR.

O what is so beautiful half to behold,
As the smile which Affection bestows;
It is sweeter than incense, and brighter than gold,
And as soft as the breath of a rose.

O it sheds round the heart, in its happiest hour,
A halo of rapture and love!
And divinely it glows 'neath the magical power,
As a gem 'neath the light from above!

If so witching her smile, what must be her tear?
Deep, deep in her heart doth it flow!
It is doubly sacred, and doubly dear,
Being shed in the hour of woe.

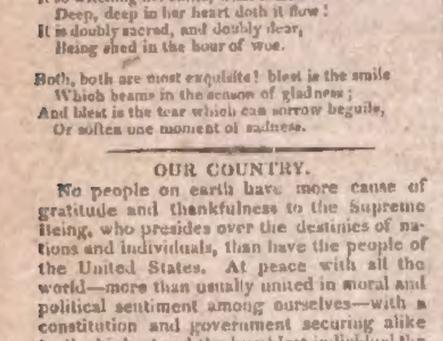
Both, both are most exquisite! blest is the smile
Which beams in the season of gladness;
And blest is the tear which can sorrow beguile,
Or soften one moment of sadness.

OUR COUNTRY.

No people on earth have more cause of gratitude and thankfulness to the Supreme Being, who presides over the destinies of nations and individuals, than have the people of the United States. At peace with all the world—more than usually united in moral and political sentiment among ourselves—with a constitution and government securing alike to the highest and the humblest individual the blessing of civil and religious liberty, the freedom of speech and of the press; the elective franchise, by which our rulers are chosen from the midst of ourselves, and the inestimable right of trial by jury, securing life, liberty and property. The means of knowledge are rapidly multiplying, and the arts and sciences rising to a good degree of perfection. Internal improvement is marching with gigantic strides from one extreme to the other of our widely extended territory, shortening distances and increasing the facilities of trade and intercourse. We have a numerous and intelligent population, enlightened by literature, refined by the influence of religion, and bound together by the ties of a common interest to increase and perpetuate the blessings of our free government. Surely, as a people, in the 51st year of our independence, and on the commencement of the year of our Lord 1827, we should say, in the language of pious gratitude to the Giver of every good and perfect gift—"*Scarcely hast thou dealt so with any people.*"

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

THE SCHOOL OF FLORA.



No. IV.

Botanic name. } FRAGARIA VESCA.
English name. } *Strawberry.*
French name. } *Fraisier.*

Who does not know the humble, creeping Strawberry plant, affording such delightful berries in the Spring? This plant is found wild in all parts of the world, and what is strange, produces as good fruits in its wild state as in our gardens. In America it is found in the woods from the United States, to the valleys of Chili, in all cool situations. It delights in mountains, and thrives equally well in the Himala mountains of Thibet, the Atlas mountains of Africa, and the Alps of Europe.

Fragaria is a very ancient name, it was used by the Romans. *Vesca* alludes to its wild nature. It has received in English the strange name of Strawberry, from a custom peculiar to English gardeners, who used to cover the plant with straw in winter.

It belongs to the family of SENTICOSE along with the Blackberry, &c. and to the class *Icosandria* of Linnæus.

From a creeping root, many stems and leaves spread out on the ground: the leaves are ternate, or have three leaflets joined together, oval, serrated, &c. the flowers are always white, with five round petals, on a calyx with ten divisions, five of which are smaller. Many pistils in the centre of the blossom join together to form a compound fruit, appearing like a single berry. These berries are commonly red, seldom white or yellow, either round, oval, conical, or oblong, varying from the size of a cherry to that of a plumb, and always fragrant, with a fine acid flavour.

This fruit is one of the most palatable and healthy; it may be eaten to excess without danger; and it has even the property of purifying the blood, &c. When too acid some sugar must be added. Delicious wines, cordials, preserves, tarts, ice creams, &c. are made with it.

Of what shall this useful plant be the proper emblem? unless of widely spread UTILITY, and worthy toil, united to modesty.

Let every garden have a Strawberry bed: few plants require less culture; a few offsets and bits of roots set in the ground, almost any where, will form a bed, requiring no other care than to be kept free of weeds for a while, since it will soon kill all weeds. Let us gather the perfumed Strawberries during their season; and if we wish to extend that period, let us cultivate the monthly Strawberry, as yet too little known; which produces fruit during six months. Many other varieties are valuable, such are the cluster Strawberry, the large Chilian variety, and the sweet kind, requiring no sugar to be palatable.

ZOOLOGY.

INSECTS.—There is no part of this classification so interesting to the naturalist as that of insects. Of all the substances in which they are discernable, the infusion of hay produces the greatest variety, and by far the most curious. Put some hay into a tea cup, and cover it with water; in a few days a scum will appear on the surface, take out a single drop, and it will be found to contain extremely minute animalcules; in a day or two they increase in size, and in a week they obtain their full growth. Among the variety that may be discovered in this infusion are the following: the most numerous are in the shape of an egg, with an extremely swift motion, stopping short at times, and turning round on their axis. With a high power, a number of small feet may be discovered, and at the head a number of fibrills, which are continually in rapid motion, creating a vortex in the water, which brings their prey towards them and which may be discerned many hundred times less than themselves. They use their legs in running as well as in swimming, as will be seen if a human hair be placed across the drop of water.

In viewing these minute creatures, we have

power: the wonderful organization of their parts, and the fibrilla, are distinctly seen and in motion. When we consider that we are looking at a drop of water, that takes up no more space than the head of a small pin, yet that there are hundreds of different living creatures in it, invisible to the eye and perfect in their form, it cannot but create both wonder and delight.

Those who are desirous to be furnished with a curious living object for the microscope, should be provided with the eels in paste. In order to procure them, boil a tea-cup full of flour and water to the consistence of common paste; put into it a few drops only of vinegar, and stir the mixture; let it stand for a few days, till it becomes sour; then, by taking from the surface, with a point, *the smallest particle*, and putting it in a *single drop* of water, it will be found to contain numbers of minute eels, swimming about the water with a continual regular motion. When you wish to examine them, take them from the side of the vessel you are least liable to take out any of the paste; they may be kept alive for months by keeping the paste in a moist state, with a supply of fresh water.—These insects are viviparous; and a curious experiment may be performed, by cutting one of the larger sort in half, with a lancet or fine knife: a tribe of young ones will issue from the parts, coiled up in a fine membrane, which they soon break, uncoil themselves, and swim away; the writer has seen as many as a hundred from one eel, which may account for their great increase. By their producing their young perfect, we must conclude they are not generated, in the first instance, in the paste, by the eggs of flies, as has been generally supposed. The question is, by what means do they get into paste?—for if they were in the flour, the operation of boiling it would certainly destroy them. But though most extraordinary, it is a fact that they will live in a heat of 140 degrees, and in paste too hot to bear the finger in.

The pearl eyes of insects are amazing pieces of mechanism, whose structure, without the assistance of the microscope, would have remained unknown to us. Butterflies, bees, ants, and many others, have two immoveable caps, composing the greatest part of the head, and containing a number of hemispheres, placed in lines with the utmost regularity, resembling lattice work; these are a collection of eyes so perfectly smooth and polished, that, like so many mirrors, they reflect the images of objects—for example the image of the candle may be distinctly seen in each: in short they are real eyes, having in the middle of them a pupil. Lewenhock computed eight thousand in the eye of a common fly.

MAGNETISM BY PERCUSSION.

Mr. Scoresby has instituted a series of experiments to determine magnetism by percussion with more precision; and some of his results deserve attention. When a bar of soft steel, six inches and a half long, and a quarter of an inch in diameter, held vertically, and resting upon free stone, was striking seventeen blows with a hammer, it acquired the power of lifting six and a half grains; twenty two blows did not augment the force. When the bar rested vertically upon a parlour-poker, previously deprived of magnetism forty two blows gave it the power of lifting eighty eight grains, and ninety blows, with a larger hammer, augmented the lifting power to one hundred and thirty grains. The poker was also rendered magnetic. Farther hammering rather diminished than increased the power. On inverting the bar, a single blow nearly destroyed the magnetism; two blows changed the poles. Hammering the bar in the plane of the magnetic equator also destroyed the polarity. The magnetism by percussion was augmented when the length of the bar was increased.—*United States Literary Gazette.*

THE BATTLE OF TRENTON.

The following description will probably be new to the most of our readers. Its vivid details, although extracted from a work of fiction, are, we believe, agreeable to the truth of history, and relate to one of the most momentous events in our country's history. An event that revived the drooping confidence and courage of those who fought and prayed for our cause, which had before assumed an appearance almost desperate.

The night was intensely cold, and we were delayed many hours longer than had been anticipated, by an accumulation of ice in the river. And here, if you would get a good notion of the countenance of Washington at this time—the most eventful and trying moment of his life, I would recommend that you study a picture just painted by Mr. Sully of Philadelphia upon this subject. He has been singularly happy—and when I recollect the face of Washington, as he reined up, for half an hour, within pistol shot of me, it appears to me that some man must have painted it, who was with us at the time. Before we came down to the Ferry—there was an awful solemnity of darkness and repose in it. But, *there*, when in sight of the troops, as they were severally embarking, every man of whom, so long as the face of their commander could be seen, even after the boats had put off, kept his eyes upon it, it was full of a loftier, more animated, youthful and heroic expression, of encouragement and confidence.

You have heard of General Knox, then Colonel—and of his stentorian voice. I assure you that no justice can be done to him or it; my ears rang, for a fortnight after at the same hour of the night, and do yet, when I remember how he galloped about, cursing, swearing, dismounting every five minutes, and lifting his own artillery, like a giant. He was a gallant fellow—full of blood—with all the blunt, strong New England hardihood. And Green too—he was there—the only man of all our armies, capable, I believe, in case of any disaster, to take the place of Washington—there *he* sat, full of deep religious composure—his broad forehead fronting the fires, that were kindled near the place of embarkation.

At last, though not until three o'clock in the morning, we were fairly landed upon the Jersey shore, and, by five, had taken up our line of march.

Our whole army passed softly, and silently, by two or three officers, posted upon the road side, continually waving their swords, with a motion, as if to enjoin the most deathlike stillness; and deathlike it was, for nothing could be heard, but the blowing of horses, a jolting sound now and then in the wet snow where the artillery wagons and gun carriages cut through the ground—and a general rush, as deep, heavy water.

A few moments after a troop of Virginians under Captain Washington, (afterwards so distinguished at the south,) paraded in beautiful style through the heavy snow, and brought us intelligence which tended to accelerate our march. Before his arrival, we had hoped (as I afterwards found) to surprise the enemy at Trenton, while yet overpowered by the festivities of the preceding night—and make his morning sleep, the sleep of death—but now that hope was abandoned, for Captain Washington had encountered his picket, exchanged a few shot, and left him prepared, for what, it is remarkable that he had heard a vague rumour of—our intended attack.—Yet this very affair, which, at first threatened to be so disasterous, the frolic of Captain Washington, was probably the chief reason why we succeeded in surprising the enemy at last; for, as that was not followed up, he retired to quarters, after waiting a reasonable time, as we afterwards found, thinking the whole a

Our troops were now thrown into two divisions. We were seperated from our father—who was detailed under Sullivan and St. Clair to take the river road—while we, under Washington himself, Greene, Morris, and Stevens, pushed onward through what is called the Pennington road.

A few moments afterwards—just while I thought my heart had lost its motion entirely—for I felt, in looking about me, and seeing the dark array of substantial, but noiseless creatures, horses and wagons—as if the whole army were an apparition—a cavalcade of dead men—marching from one place of burial to another:—I heard a shot, so near me that my horse leaped out of the rank. This was followed by a loud cry—two or three words—a volley—and then, shot after shot, as if a line of sentinels, sleeping upon their posts, had suddenly started up, one after the other, fired off their pieces and run in.

Our advance were well furnished with bayonets—and they immediately charged upon the picket, and we dashed after them, trampling them to death with our horses, riding over them like a whirlwind, without speaking a word or firing a shot. This was scarcely done, when we heard the firing of the other division, at the opposite quarter—so admirably timed had been the arrangement—and we immediately galloped into the centre of the town, horse and foot, determined to ride the enemy down, or bayonet them, before they had time to form. Washington was dreadfully exposed. The first picket, thinking this a second attack of the same little skirmishing party, that had fired into them before, neglected to give the alarm:—and the outposts, though they fought most gallantly, retreating step by step, behind the houses, disputing every inch, and presenting their bright bayonets, without a flash of powder, wherever we rode in upon them—so that we could not, with all our cutting and spurring, force our horses upon them—and then the moment we had faced about, blazing away upon us, and running to the next house—were driven in.

At last we had an opportunity for fair play; the Hessians were formed, and forming, with the whole glittering with bayonets. A tremendous struggle was going on at our right, under the very eye of Washington, with the enemy's artillery, which was taken, when, with a troop of horse, Archibald rode down, his cap off, his sword flashing like a firebrand, in the light and smoke of the musquetry—'Charge! charge!' he cried—'charge! my brave fellows! and provoke them to fire.'—Another troop! Another! and another! thundered down, from the right and left, but with no effect at all upon the invincible Germans—the front rank kneeled all round—while the rest were forming, and presented their bayonets, without firing a shot.

'By heaven!' said Archibald, shouting as if his heart would break, to Captain Washington—'I will try them again!' And, as he said so, he rode at full speed, so near that it appeared to me that he could have struck the enemy with his sword—and fired his pistol into their faces. Our front rank followed the example—and the next moment, all the Hessians brought their pieces up to their cheeks, and poured a tremendous volley in upon us—I saw my father fall—Arthur reel in his stirrups—but Archibald, as if prepared for this very thing, shouted, 'wheel and charge!'

'Wheel and charge!' repeated a hundred voices in our rear—'wheel and charge!'

We obeyed—and the snow flew—and the swords flashed—and the next moment, a hundred of the enemy—the whole of his front rank were trampled to death before us, and twenty human heads rolled upon the ground, among the feet of our horses.

The infantry under Greene poured in volley after volley, at the same time; and Knox, having brought round his light field pieces to bear, as if they had been blunderbusses, played in upon them, an uninterrupted roll of thunder and smoke.

It was impossible to stand it—no human being could have endured the hurricane of fire bullets longer.—They threw down their arms—about one hundred men in all—and then it was—*then*—when it was necessary to move about the quieter operations of strife, that we began to feel the intense coldness of the night—the keen air cutting into our new wounds, like rough broken glass.

THE LARGEST JUG IN ENGLAND.

A jug of extraordinary dimensions, manufactured at the Herculaneum Pottery, is now to be seen at Mr. Dowbiggin's High Park Coffee House, Toxteth Park. This bacchanalian vessel will, we understand, contain 120 quarts, and was, on the 16th ult. filled by Mr. Johnson the brewer, and afterwards replenished by Mr. Dowbiggin, for the hospitable entertainment of the potters, who, with their friends, to the number of 150, at the same time, received a mince pie each, from Mrs. Dowbiggin. A song relating to the jug, as well as many others, were sung in high glee, and the company dispersed *at* 11 o'clock, as our correspondent emphatically states, with a "comfortable load," "singing chorusses," and "God save the King."

SINGULAR BIRD.

Stevenson, in his travels in America, says, that "A bird, at Guayaquil, called *quriquivi*, at Esmeraldas, and on the coast of Choco, *huaco*, and at Quito, *beleado de oro*, is a great enemy to snakes and other venomous reptiles and insects, on which it feeds. It is a species of vulture, about the size of a hen, and is easily domesticated; its colour is a bright brown, variegated with stains of pale yellow. It flies about the woods, or runs along the savannas in quest of food, and attacks the snake, opposing its wing to them as a shield; when the animal is somewhat exhausted by striking at the bird, it seizes the reptile near the head, and, biting it rises on its wings, and afterwards alights, and observes if it be dead, if not, it again bites it, and sometimes soaring aloft with it, lets it fall, and immediately drops down after it; when dead, the bird devours it. The natives affirm, that to this bird they owe the discovery of the herb which they call *huaco*; they observed that the bird, after fighting with the snake, would sometimes search for the herb, and eat it; hence they supposed it to be an antidote for the poison, which experience has proven to be correct."

Solution to the Enigma in our last—BRANDY.

Brand—bran—bray—Rand—dry—pay—bay—drab—dray—an—band—barn—hard—bar—brad—bad—dry—yarn—yard—darn—Darby.

ENIGMA.

Though dam I am, I oft impart,
The tender feelings of the heart;
I oft deceive, oft make amends,
Foes I create, and yet make friends;
I'm often stolen, yet never stray,
Am in a frolic blown away;
For me the lawyer quits his fee,
For me you all have made a rout—
Me they may have, who finds me out.

Copies of the Likenesses of JOHN QUINCY ADAMS, President of the United States, J. C. CALHOUN, Vice President, Gen. ANDREW JACKSON, DEWITT CLINTON, Governor of New-York, JOHN RANDOLPH, &c. besides views of the PENNSYLVANIA CAPITOL at Harrisburgh; the PRESIDENT'S HOUSE at Washington, and several others, engraved by first rate artists, may be had at either of the offices, No. 53 Market street, or No. 115 Chesnut

Sir Benjamin Wrench was a celebrated physician about a century ago, in Norfolk.—His fee at that period was two guineas, a proof of the estimation in which he was held. On one occasion, having received but a single guinea, he asked for a candle, though it was noon-day, and began to search the room; being asked what he was looking for, he said, he "believed he had dropped a guinea."—The patient took the hint, and completed the usual sum.

A young man, walking alone, was questioned by the Philosopher Crates, what occupied him? He replied, "I am speaking with myself."—"Take care," said Crates, "that you do not talk with a bad man.

Montgomery Beneficial Society.

At an Election held by the Members of the Montgomery Beneficial Society of Philadelphia, held at their Hall, on Monday evening, the 8th ult. the following named gentlemen where duly elected officers for the ensuing year,

Jacob H. Clark, *President.*
Charles Bunker, *Vice President.*
Bartholomew Rees, *Secretary.*
Charles B. Rees, *Assistant do.*
Chalkly Baker, *Treasurer.*
Joseph Cobb, *Steward.*
Jonathan Gardiner, *Messenger.*
Philadelphia, January 9th, 1827.

MEAD'S PILLS.

THE length of time these pills have been in use, and the uniform satisfaction they have given in all those deranged conditions of the digestive organs, known by the term Dyspepsia, has established for them the reputation of being, without doubt, the best remedy known for the above complaint. They operate mildly, removing all sourness of the stomach, not merely by neutralizing the acid, but by correcting that morbid state of the secretions which give rise to it; and at the same time that they are giving tone to the whole chylopoetic viscera, or organs of digestion, they will separate and give new life and vigour to the whole system.

Sold, in New York, by Hull & Bowne, 146 Pearl street, who are agents for the patentee, and by O. Hull & Co. 321 Broadway. In Philadelphia, by Thatcher & Thompson, and Stephen North, Market street, and by S. Griffiths, Chesnut street. In Baltimore, by William Butler, and C. & D. & S. Keener, Market street, and by most of the Druggists throughout the United States.

June 3—tf

BOARDING SCHOOL FOR GIRLS,

At Kimberton, Chester County, Pa.

THIS Institution was established in 1818, and has educated many to whom references might be given in Philadelphia. No reasonable expenses have been spared in providing convenient accommodations, and to render the school an object of attention to Parents.

Instruction is given in Reading, Writing, Arithmetic, Book-keeping, English Grammar, Geography, the use of Maps and Globes, the delineation of Maps, History, Chronology, Botany, Composition, Drawing, Painting, Needle Work, and the Elements of the French and Latin Languages.

For admission, apply at the school to

EMMOR KIMBER,
Superintendent.

Jan 13—eowtf

REMOVAL.

WILLIAM H. C. RIGGS,
CLOCK AND WATCH MAKER,

INFORMS his friends and the public generally, that he has removed from No. 113 Market street, and recently from the corner of Third and Chesnut, to No. 34 Chesnut street, (five doors below Second street,) where he continues to conduct the Clock and Watch Making business. He returns sincere thanks for past favours, and hopes by care and attention, to merit and receive a continuance of public patronage.

☞ Chronometers adjusted, Clocks, Watches, and Time Pieces of every description carefully repaired, and warranted to perform correctly.

☞ Watches, Jewellery and Silver work for sale.

jan 6—13t

F. SORBER,

COACHMAKER, Manayunk Village, Lancaster Road, finishes all kinds of Carriages, Gigs, and Chairs warranted of the best materials and workmanship. Also, constantly on hand, second-hand Carriages, Gigs, &c. which he will dispose of on the lowest terms for cash or acceptances. jan 27—1y

MOROCCO MANUFACTORY.

ROBINSON & CO.

RESPECTFULLY inform their friends and the public that they have opened their store, No. 76 South Third street, between Walnut and Chesnut, a few doors below Girard's bank, where they offer, wholesale and retail, Morocco Leather suitable for Shoemakers, Coachmakers, Hatters and others, which they will dispose of at moderate prices; also, White Leather and Buckskin. Wool for Hatters and Spinners, on the lowest terms, for cash. Merchants and others will find it to their advantage to call and purchase.

aug 26—6m

CLOTHING STORE.

ASHTON & SON, TAILORS,
No. 16 MARKET-STREET, PHILADA.

OFFER for Sale a handsome stock of Seasonable Clothing, consisting in part of Blue, Black, Bronze, Green and Plumb DRESS COATS; Blue, Brown, Claret and Olive Frocks; Drab and Blue Box; Bang-up and New Market Coats; Blue, Green and Mixtures Coatees. Pantaloons, Vests, &c. of various qualities, colours and patterns.

Ready-made Linen, Handkerchiefs, Suspenders, Cravats, Hosiery, &c. together with an elegant assortment of Superfine Cloths, Cassimeres, Vestings, &c. which will be made to order, and warranted to fit both MAN and MIND.

Also, On hand a large assortment of Ladies' and Gentlemen's CLOAKS.

Wholesale dealers in any of the above articles are invited to call and examine previous to purchasing.

oct. 21—tf

PLAYING CARDS.

EAGLES, Henry VIII. and Sheep Andrew Playing Cards, with sported and plain backs.

Also—Blank Cards for Printing, and Gilt Edged Visiting Cards, manufactured and for sale by

BECK & STEWART,
oct. 21—tf S. W. corner of 3d & Walnut-sts

JUST PUBLISHED,

AND for sale at the book-stores of J. G. Auner, No. 313 Market-st. and J. G. & C. H. Auner, No. 279 N. 3d. st. An original work, entitled the Supreme and exclusive Authority of Christ, in religious matters, maintained; and the rights and liberties of the children of God established from the sacred scriptures, by J. Tassey. To which is added a small treatise on frequent communion by the late celebrated J. Brown, of Haddington.

In this work the reader will find the subject of ecclesiastical power, as assumed and exercised by Synods, &c. fairly investigated, and proved to be unscriptural, and the various institutions of Christ illustrated and set forth according to their primitive simplicity. jan 20 tf

HEAD ACHE SNUFF.

THIS Snuff is composed of indigenous herbs, and without Tobacco. Many persons have assured me of the great relief they have experienced from it. It is particularly recommended to persons afflicted with the nervous Head Ache, as well as those arising from recent colds, attended with weeping and watery eyes. Persons subject to Hickup, will find immediate relief by taking a pinch or two.

A few gross of the Snuff, with directions. Price per doz. 25 cents; single box, 6 1-4 cents.

For sale at Lehman's Drug and Chemical Store, No. 350 Market street aug 18—1y

Eastern District of Pennsylvania, to wit.

BE IT REMEMBERED, that on the thirteenth day of December in the fifty first year of the Independence of the United States of America, A. D. 1826, ALLEN WARD, of the said District, hath deposited in this office the Title of a Book, the right whereof he claims as Author, in the words following, to wit.

"Report of the Philadelphia Fashions, and Tailors' Archetype, for Winter and Spring, 1827, illustrated with sectional Drawings, Pictures of the Fashions, &c. by Allen Ward, professor of the science and art of Tailoring."

In conformity to the Act of the Congress of the United States, intituled, "An Act for the Encouragement of Learning, by securing the Copies of Maps, Charts, and Books, to the Authors and Proprietors of such Copies, during the times therein mentioned"—And also to the Act, entitled, "An Act supplementary to an Act, entitled, "An Act for the Encouragement of Learning, by securing the Copies of Maps, Charts, and Books, to the Authors and Proprietors of such Copies during the times therein mentioned," and extending the benefits thereof to the arts of designing, engraving, and etching historical and other prints."

D. CALDWELL,
Clerk of the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.

Tailors at a distance who send for Drafts and Pictures of the Fashions, may prevent disappointment by accompanying their orders with ten dollars in advance, as payment for the first year's subscription, which amount shall be returned together with a premium of one hundred dollars to the person who shall exhibit a better system than Ward's patent, for the purpose of drafting the forms and fashions of all kinds of garments, which system here offered being strictly mathematical in all its parts, and applicable to all shapes, fashions and garments, has met with unparalleled encouragement by the most intelligent of the profession; ten thousand dollars is already subscribed for the work, but not one cent by curious bigots who despise improvements not their own.

Jan 6—4t*

COUNTRY MERCHANTS

SUPPLIED with a general assortment of Silk Goods, at the lowest prices, for cash or acceptances.

STOKES & BUZBY.
Oct. 9—3m* 96 1-2 Market-street.

JONAS B. PHILLIPS,

ATTORNEY AT LAW.

Office—Fifth street, one door below Chesnut street, East

PROPOSALS

For publishing a new weekly paper, to be entitled the

Philadelphia Literary Gazette,
AND REGISTER OF NEWS.

CONDITIONS.

IT will be printed on fine paper, each number containing eight pages, quarto, which will form, every half year, a handsome volume, of a size suitable for binding.

It will be published WEEKLY, and the first number will appear early in March.

The price will be three dollars per annum, if paid in advance, or four dollars, if credit be required.

TO THE PUBLIC.

In establishing this Gazette, our leading object is to investigate the character and pretensions of such new publications as may be deemed worthy of notice, especially such as may proceed from the American press.

That Philadelphia, the most populous, wealthy and intelligent city in the United States, and from its central situation, enjoying facilities superior to any other for the distribution of its periodicals to distant places, should possess no work of this description, has been often remarked as a matter of both surprise and regret. The benefits which such a work, under proper management, would confer on the Literature of the country, are manifest. Our writers labour under the peculiar disadvantage of having to contend with the established fame, and, if the expression be allowed, the prescriptive reputation, of writers using the same language in an older country, which has hitherto, in literary matters, dictated to us laws to which we have been too ready to yield a blind and implicit obedience. It is impossible that we can ever enjoy a national literature of high eminence, until we throw off this degrading dependence. If, as a people, we wish to attain a suitable rank among literary nations, we must emancipate ourselves from the thraldom of foreign criticism. To be just to ourselves, we must think and determine for ourselves. Tribunals of our own should regulate the taste of our readers, and try the merits of our authors. It is full time we should possess journals of criticism independent in tone and fearless in decision; the conductors of which should not wait with slavish patience for the arrival of opinions from Edinburgh or London, relative to an American book, or any other book, in order merely to echo them; but would promptly take new publications under their own cognizance, and boldly proclaim their own judgment, without regard to any authority.

The habit which we have too long followed of drawing our opinions of books from the other side of the Atlantic, has unavoidably led to the injustice of neglecting our own authors. It is hoped, however, that better times for our men of talent are approaching. The projected Quarterly Review to be published in this city under the auspices of Mr. Walsh, promises well. It ought to be hailed as an occurrence likely to form a fortunate era in our literary history. It is announced as a work that shall be national and independent. There is, therefore, reason to expect that it will sedulously watch over the productions of our press, and lose no opportunity of bringing their merits into notice. In an employment so desirable and important, we fondly hope that the Gazette we now offer to the public, will be found, although an humble, yet a zealous and useful auxiliary.—To render it such we will make every exertion in our power—we have already engaged an Editor of known literary habits and experience; and we invite them to talents generally to aid us in our course. In the event of the work being successful, we shall cheerfully allow them a fair compensation for their labours, for we think there are few circumstances of a public nature more to be regretted, than the illiberality with which literary exertion is rewarded in this country.

That the work may be rendered more extensively useful and interesting than if confined solely to literary disquisitions, a portion of it will be set apart to the detailing of political and other events. Political controversy, however, shall be carefully avoided; the spirit of party shall not influence its decisions, nor the conflicting interests of rival surprised to offer infringe the impartiality of its statements. Space shall be afforded to instructive Essays and amusing Tales, when written with accuracy and taste. Nor shall the offerings of the muse be refused admission, when the muse shall appear to have really inspired them; but when those impurity or their harshness shall prove them to be of spurious origin, their authors must not feel disappointed at their rejection, for we are desirous that the flowers of Parnassus alone, unmixed with its weeds, shall appear in our pages.

In the foregoing exposition of our views, we have perhaps promised more than the public will give us credit for being able, or than we may, on trial, really find ourselves able to perform. But we have some confidence in ourselves; and if we fail to fulfil reasonable expectations, it will not be from want of either good intentions or industrious efforts. The most effectual mode, however, by which the public can enable us to perform all we promise, is to extend to us that patronage which we now respectfully solicit for a work, the utility of which must be apparent to every reflecting mind.

ROBERT MORRIS & CO.

Philadelphia, January 9, 1827.

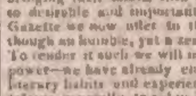
☞ Communications must be addressed, post paid, to ROBERT MORRIS & Co. Philadelphia.

SUBSCRIPTIONS WILL BE RECEIVED

At the principal Book Stores in this City.
The MERCHANTS' COFFEE HOUSE, and by
ATKINSON & ALEXANDER, Office of the Saturday Evening Post, No. 53 Market Street, and 115 Chesnut Street, opposite the Post Office.
RUSSELL & MARTIEN, Printers, No. 1 Lodge Street North side Pennsylvania Bank, S. Second St.
T. C. CLARKE, Office of the Philadelphia Album.
R. MORRIS, Corner of Eleventh and George Streets.
By P. THOMPSON, Washington City.
BLISS & WHITE, New York.
CUMMINGS & HILLIARD, Boston.
JOHN H. NAFF, Baltimore.

☞ Printers inserting the above obtaining six subscribers and becoming responsible therefor, will be entitled to a seventh copy, also an exchange.

New Winter Line to Baltimore.



On Saturday, the 6th inst. at 6 o'clock, A. M. the Citizens' Line Post Coach, will commence leaving the office, No. 32 North Third street, and continue at that hour every morning during the winter.—Passengers will breakfast at Mrs. Eagle's, Chester, dine at Pearson's hotel, Elkton, lodge at Havre de grace, and arrive in Baltimore early the following day.

For seats, apply at the office, No. 32 North Third street, or at the office, sign of Robinson Crusoe, No. 23 south Third street, and at the Reading and Bethlehem Stage Office, at A. M'Calla's, White Swan Hotel, Race street.

J. McLURE, Agent.

All baggage at the risque of the owners thereof.

Jan. 4—tf

ACTING AMERICAN THEATRE, No. 9.

JUST published and for sale by Ash & Mason, No. 130 Chesnut street, No. 9 of the Acting American Theatre, containing the Turnpike Gate, a musical entertainment, by F. Knight, with a portrait of Mr. Caswell, in the character of Crack. jan 6—3t

INSURANCE
AGAINST DAMAGE FROM FIRE.

THE Trustees of "The Fire Association of Philadelphia," incorporated by an act of the Legislature of Pennsylvania, for the purpose of insuring houses and other buildings, goods on the most reasonable terms, either perpetually or for a limited period.

On this Association, which is composed of thirty three Fire Companies, possessing Apparatus, Engines and Hose, of very great value, for the extinguishment of fires, the principal security of the city from conflagration depends.

The funds obtained by insurance are designed, first, for the payment of losses to the insured, and annually, a part of the interest, arising from their investment, may be applied for keeping the Apparatus in good order.

For these purposes the private confidence has hitherto been extended to the Association to an unprecedented extent, and the Trustees respectfully solicit a continuation of the public patronage for the public good.

Applications for insurance may be made of either of the Trustees, or at the Office, No. 241 Arch street.

MICHAEL FOX,
President of the Trustees of the Fire Association
march21—1y

COCALICO MILL STONES.

THE Subscribers has for sale, Cocalico Mill Stones of all descriptions, celebrated for Chopping Corn and Rye, and Grinding Plaister. Orders addressed to them, to be left at the Raphaels Post Office, Lancaster County, Pa. where they will be thankfully received and promptly attended to. MARTIN & KONIGMACHER.

Dec. 2—3mo.*

TO COUNTRY MERCHANTS.

J. ELLIOTT offers for sale at No. 143 Market street (third door above Third street, North side,) a very extensive assortment of Looking Glasses, Combs, Japan Ware and Fancy Articles, comprising in part, Looking Glasses of all sizes and descriptions, Tortoise Shell Back, Long and Side Combs, and a beautiful Article called Spanish Shell Combs, which from the neatness and great resemblance of tortoise shell, claim attention.

Southern and Western Merchants are invited to call and examine for themselves, as his prices are such as to insure sales. april 18—1y

PAPER HANGINGS.

THE attention of the public is respectfully requested to the elegant assortment of French and American Paper Hangings and Borders, now selling off at reduced prices, to close a concern.

BECK & STEWART,
oct. 21—tf S. W. corner of 3d & Walnut-sts.

PORCELAIN TEETH.

THE Subscribers inform the public that they have succeeded in Manufacturing Porcelain Teeth of a very superior quality, which in form and color, cannot be distinguished from Natural Teeth.

They are prepared to furnish single Teeth, and complete sets, so perfectly fitted to the mouth, as to perform all the functions of the Natural teeth, and of any that may be required.

The superiority of Porcelain Teeth, in beauty, cleanliness and durability, is acknowledged by all who have used them, and will be manifest on inspection.

Specimens may be seen at their Office, No. 181 Race street. VAN FELT & M'ILHENNEY, Dentists.

N. B. All operations on the Teeth performed in the best manner, and on moderate terms. Dec. 30—tf

CANARY, MOCKING & RED BIRDS.

A LARGE collection of Canary, Mocking and red BIRDS for sale at No. 173 Cherry st. the first house above 9th st. Also, a large collection of Paper Hangings

FRANKLIN JOURNAL,
AND AMERICAN MECHANICS MAGAZINE.

EDITED by Dr. Thomas P. Jones, Professor of Mathematics in the Franklin Institute. This Journal is devoted to the improvement of the useful arts in this country, is published monthly, each number containing 72 pages closely printed. The work is embellished with wood cuts and copper plate engravings and will form a complete Mechanics Library. Subscription five dollars per annum. Judah Dobson, agent, No. 198, Chesnut st. Publisher. jan 20 tf.

IRISH LINENS.

THE subscriber has just received a general assortment of the above articles of the most approved bleaches. Among which are extra heavy 7-8 Cambrics, and 4-4 soft finished Linens—also, Linen Cambrics, and Cambric Edging. For sale at the lowest cash prices, by

H. C. CORBIT,
1 mo. 20—4t 49 south 3d street.

FOR SALE.

A HANDSOME lot of about fourteen acres of land situate in Byberry township, about twelve miles from Philadelphia, two from Byberry Friends Meeting, and one from the Turnpike Road, adjoining lands of Asa Ashbridge and others.—There are on the premises a good two story frame dwelling house, barn and other conveniencies, a never failing stream of water passes through it, and the land is in a good state of cultivation, about five acres being meadow ground of the first quality. For terms apply to the subscriber on the premises.

MARLON MURPHEY.

Byberry, 1 mo. 23, 1827—3t*

To be Sold at Public Sale,
ON THE PREMISES,

ON Thursday the 1st of March next, at 12 o'clock, a valuable FARM situate in Mill Creek Hundred, New-Castle County, state of Delaware, containing about one hundred and sixty-nine acres of best late land. At Milford cross roads, within 11 miles of Wilmington, 3 from Newark and within 1 mile of Mestre's paper mill, adjoining lands of William Mestre, Benjamin Watson and others, eighty acres of which is under timber, which will produce forty cords per acre, and also thirty acres capable of being watered for meadow, a never failing stream running through it, the residue arable land of a good quality—also two apple orchards in the prime of bearing. The improvements are a large two story brick house, nearly new, finished in the best manner, with two rooms, and an entry on the lower floor, and three rooms on the second floor, adjoining which is a store, dining room and kitchen, with three chambers above—also a well of never failing water with a pump therein under cover—a carriage house and stabling for five horses, all of brick—also a two story frame house, and blacksmith shop near the same and a small tenement. Any person wishing to view the premises previous to the sale, will be shewn the same by calling on Samuel Mestre, near the premises—condition of sale made known at the time and place by

jan 20—3t GEORGE B. MESTRE.

To be sold in Lots or altogether, as may best suit purchasers.

REMEDY FOR THE PILES.

THIS Medicine now offered to the public is one which has been fully subjected to the infallible test of experience, and in every instance where it has been fairly tried, it has been attended with the most complete success. In some of the cases, the patients had been labouring under the disease for years, and during that period had received the best medical advice, and had even undergone a painful surgical operation, without permanent advantage. It is not like those usually advertised, offered as a certain cure for a long catalogue of diseases, but those afflicted with this complaint, for which alone it is recommended, may rely with confidence upon obtaining relief, even in the worst forms, in a short time; and they themselves are the best judges of the importance of such a remedy. Price 50 cents per box, with directions signed by the proprietor. Prepared and sold at

HENRY CORNISH'S
Drug and Chemical Store, No. 173, North Third, above Callow hill street. (Successor to James A. Austin.

Likewise at Thatcher & Thompson's, north-west corner of Second and Market street, and at Graham and Schaffer's, No. 232, South Second street, second door below the corner of South—Philadelphia.

The above Medicine may be had wholesale or retail, and a liberal discount allowed to wholesale dealers and country merchants. jan 20 3m*

A CURIOSITY.

A MR. GIBBS, Lottery Broker, of this city, has been recently exhibiting in this state a curious piece of mechanism, said to be the work of an Italian artist. It consists of a box 3 1-2 inches long, 2 1-2 wide, and 1 1-4 deep—of fine gold. On one end is a snuff-box—on the other, a lid opens and discloses an eight day time piece, which, besides striking the hours and quarters, plays a number of beautiful tunes. But the most wonderful part is, that on setting a spring, a picture on the top of the box rises slowly, and discovers a bird screaming from below. The bird is of about an inch in length—of plumage the most rich, and yet the most natural. It sings with astonishing sweetness, and accompanies its voice with all those motions common to a living bird—its head turns from side to side—its little bill opens and its throat swells at every note, and its wings and tail spread and contract during its song. After finishing and repeating its str